SCREENLAND

April

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SERIAL RECORD
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1

NEW
ATURAL
OLOR
STAR
HOTOS!

Judy Garland

WITH KAY KYSER AT AN ARMY CAMP!

ETTE DAVIS' CHALLENGE TO AMERICAN WOMEN

Exciting Fictionization of "Assignment in Brittany"

MAR 12 1943



fascinating
Captivating
GLAMOROUS . . .

. . . that's the way you will look if you use a MINER'S make-up base. LIQUID, CAKE or CREAM . . . choose the type you prefer. MINER'S make all three.

Any one of them will keep your complexion fascinatingly smooth, captivatingly flawless and glamorously fresh—all day long.

Try your favorite today . . . in one of six skin-glorifying shades — 10c to $1.00.



MINER'S
Liquid MAKE-UP

MINER'S
Foundation Cream
with LANOLIN

MINER'S Patti-Pac
CAKE MAKE-UP

MINER'S

Masters of Make-Up Since 1864



Smile, Plain Girl, Smile...

...the Crowd will follow a Lovely Smile!

Let your smile win you friends and happiness. Help keep it sparkling with Ipana and Massage.

TAKE HEART, plain girl—and *smile!* The popular girl isn't always the best-looking one. Charm and personality take as many bouquets as beauty—and a bright, flashing, heart-winning smile can be your talisman to charm.

So *smile, plain girl, smile!* Not a shy, timid smile—that fades almost before it's born. But a big, appealing smile that turns heads, captures hearts—that's an invitation to romance!

For that kind of a smile you need bright, sparkling teeth that you are proud to show. But remember, sparkling teeth depend largely on *firm, healthy gums.*

Don't ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

If there's ever a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush, *see your dentist!* He may say your gums have become tender and sensitive, robbed of exercise by creamy foods. And, like many dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana not only cleans your teeth but, with massage, it is designed to help the health of your gums.

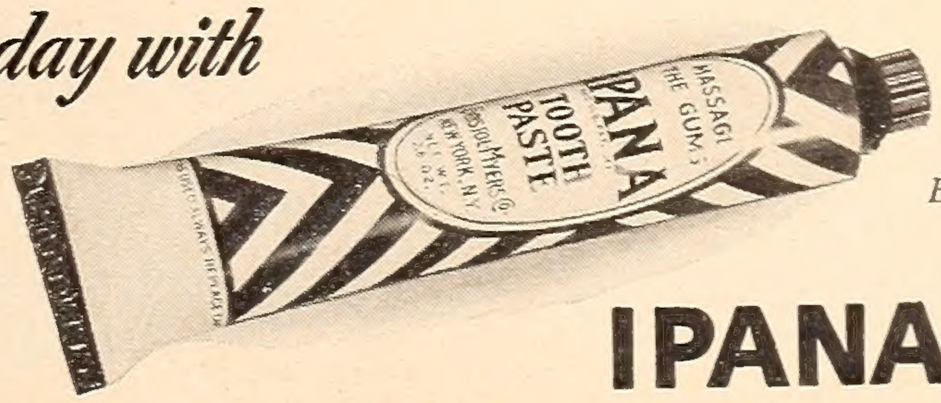
Massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums every time you clean your teeth. Circulation increases in the gums, helps them to new firmness.

Let Ipana and massage help keep your teeth brighter, your gums firmer, your smile more sparkling and attractive.



A hit attraction—that's the girl with a sparkling smile! Let Ipana and massage help keep your smile lovely!

Start today with



Product of Bristol-Myers

IPANA and MASSAGE

The METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR



Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

"Du Barry Was A Lady" has started something.

★ ★ ★ ★

Or rather, it has re-started something —which is the quest for the composite American Beauty. Artists have been taking pilgrimages to the M-G-M set to see the parade of pulchritude that is passing before the camera.

★ ★ ★

They all come back with raves about the merriment of the occasion, and cheers for the roster of talent that has produced this Technicolorful song-comedy.

★ ★ ★ ★

Red Skelton, Lucille Ball and Gene Kelly are stars in the procession which includes Virginia O'Brien, "Rags" Ragland, Zero Mostel, Tommy Dorsey and his Orchestra.





Roy Del Ruth directed. Arthur Freed produced. Irving Brecher wrote the screenplay, Nancy Hamilton adapted and Wilkie Mahoney contributed additional dialogue.

★ ★ ★ ★

But back to the composite American Beauty. It turned out they selected the following features of the Du Barry girls:

★ ★ ★ ★

Kay Aldridge's profile	. . . pert and perfect
Hazel Brooks' legs	. rounded and symmetrical
Kay Williams' arms	. . . . . ditto
Inez Cooper's hands	. . delicate and angular
Georgia Carroll's eyes	. "Drink to me only..."
Natalie Draper's lips	. . lips you love to touch
Mary Jane French's hair	. . glory as a crown
Aileen Haley's bust	. . . Venus with arms
Ruth Ownbey's hips	. . . hip! hip! hurray!
Theo Coffman's feet	. . . . . perfect pedals
Dorothy Haas' ankles	. shapely is the word
Eve Whitney's waist	. . . embraceable Eve

★ ★ ★ ★

If therefore you wish to spend an evening with a perfect composite, go see "Du Barry Was A Lady", best musical of the year.

★ ★ ★ ★

Your composite legs will move to the rhythm of the Cole Porter songs.

★ ★ ★ ★

Recommended by the composite American lion. —Leo



SCREENLAND

PAUL HUNTER, Publisher

DELIGHT EVANS, Editor

ELIZABETH WILSON, Western Representative

FRANK J. CARROLL, Art Director

MARION MARTONE, Assistant Editor

JEAN DUVAL, Staff Photographer



April, 1943 Vol. XLVI, No. 6

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Natural Color Cover Portrait of JUDY GARLAND, Starring in "Presenting Lily Mars," for M-G-M

Paul Hunter, President
Homer Rockwell, Vice President and Advertising Manager D. H. Lapham, Secretary and Treasurer

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THE BIG SHOW IS BIGGER THAN EVER!



RED SKELTON AND **RED-HEADED LUCILLE BALL**

Broadway's Sensational Musical Comedy is M-G-M's biggest musical screen entertainment now—with

more pretty girls
more peppy dancing
more pulsing rhythms
more FUN and funsters

than you've ever seen before!

ALL THIS...AND TECHNICOLOR, TOO!



It's Gene Kelly! You brought him and his tap-happy feet to stardom in "For Me and My Gal"!



Meet Zero Mostel—and laugh! Screen debut for the comic sensation of N. Y.'s night spots!



"Red" Skelton and gorgeous redheaded Lucille Ball "double-dood it"! They're really terrific!



Chuckles and jive from dead-pan Virginia O'Brien. Hear her sing Cole Porter's "Friendship".



Stop—look—and listen! Tommy Dorsey—his trombone—and his band! What music! Hold tight!

DuBarry was a Lady

Starring
RED SKELTON · LUCILLE BALL · GENE KELLY
VIRGINIA O'BRIEN · with "RAGS" RAGLAND · ZERO MOSTEL
TOMMY DORSEY and his ORCHESTRA
PHOTOGRAPHED IN TECHNICOLOR
Screen Play by Irving Brecher · Adaptation by Nancy Hamilton
Additional Dialogue by Wilkie Mahoney
Directed by ROY DEL RUTH · Produced by ARTHUR FREED
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

Right: Varga, Esquire's famed artist, paints his conception of the Du Barry girl.

Sing

"Do I Love You!", "Salome" "Friendship", "Madame, I Like Your Crepes Suzettes", "Du Barry Was a Lady", "I Love An Esquire Girl"



Mary knew all the answers!

LOUISE: Tell me, Mary, do you know anything about those thingumajigs that many women use now instead of sanitary pads?

MARY: *I certainly do. I use Tampax myself and if you don't I'll give you credit for less intelligence than I thought you had.*

LOUISE: Well, of all things, Mary! You surprise me! I had regarded you as conservative about new ideas.

MARY: *Right you are Louise, but this new form of sanitary protection, Tampax, is a real boon to us women and I'd be stupid not to use it.*

LOUISE: Tell me, Mary, is it true Tampax doesn't show, that you are not conscious of wearing it and that it eliminates other nuisances that go with the wearing of external sanitary pads?

MARY: *It is all true, emphatically. It really seems too good to be true, but I now realize life can be worthwhile even at "those times" of the month!*

LOUISE: What started you on Tampax, Mary?

MARY: *I have a friend, Jeannette, a registered nurse whose word carries great weight with me. She said she uses Tampax and so do many other nurses . . . She emphasized what a lot it means to women from both the psychological and the physical standpoints . . . and now most of the girls in my office swear by Tampax!*

Tampax was perfected by a doctor to be worn internally and is now used by millions of women. It is made of pure surgical cotton compressed into one-time-use applicator. No pins, no belts, no odor. Easy disposal. Three sizes: Regular, Super, Junior. At drug stores, notion counters. Introductory box, 20¢. Economy package of 40's is a real bargain. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping — Replacement or Refund of Money if Defective or Not as Advertised Therein

Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

3 SIZES
REGULAR
SUPER JUNIOR



HOT from Hollywood



Ginger Rogers and her hubby, Marine Corps Pvt. John Calvin Briggs, are pictured at Ginger's Beverly Hills home during their four-day honeymoon, which was brief because the bride had to resume work in the title rôle of "Lady In the Dark," and her handsome groom had to return to his Marine Base.

IF HOLLYWOOD gasped when Joan Crawford suddenly married Phil Terry, you can imagine the shock when 33-year-old Ginger Rogers said "I do" to 22-year-old Jack Briggs. (Norma Shearer and Sue Carol Ladd really started something.) Less than a week before her marriage, Ginger was dancing at the Players with Phil Reed—at least *some* call it dancing. To observe them you'd have thought they couldn't go through life another moment without each other.

WHEN a local columnist referred to Richard Whorf as Richard Whorm, Dickie sent him a wire. "I don't mind the wriggling," he said, "but when a Whorm starts turning—look out!"

IT HAPPENED to Veronica Lake. She received a wire from a soldier who was having his first furlough in six months. The wire read: "I'm arriving in Hollywood today. I haven't seen a beautiful woman in six months and it will be six months before I see a beautiful woman again. Please could I meet you and do research for a dream!" Veronica had him over to Paramount for lunch.

TODAY'S twosomes: Susan Hayward and John Carroll, looking strange but serious. Nelly Hart (Bob Sterling's baby sis) and Jimmy Stack (Bobbie Stack's little brother) acting romantic-like. William (he's so dignified these days) Lundigan and Martha O'Driscoll, caring how they look and looking like they care. George Montgomery (acting like George Montgomery) dining with Dinah and looking like "Shore" fire. Alan Curtis and Belita, not acting like they were on ice. George Brent keeping secret rendezvous with Ilona Massey. If it's a secret, *how* do we know? That's *our* secret.

Blazing

WITH LAUGHTER
COLOR AND RHYTHM!

"Happy Go Lucky"

All in TECHNICOLOR!

Azure Skies . . .

Romantic Nights . . .

Two working girls
on the tropical cruise
of your dreams,
in the gayest,
most gorgeous
musical of
the year!

Hutton's Hotter
Than Ever . . .
LOOK!

Starring
MARY
MARTIN
DICK
POWELL
BETTY
HUTTON
EDDIE
BRACKEN
RUDY
VALLEE

Directed by Curtis Bernhardt
Screen Play by
Sereen Dekeon, Norman Panama
and Melvin Frank

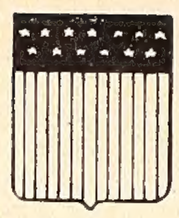
SONGS
THAT MAKE
THE TROPICS
HOT:

"Murder, He Says"
"Let's Get Lost"
"The Fuddy Duddy Watchmaker"
"Sing A Tropical Song"
"Happy Go Lucky"

A
Paramount
Picture

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING













Fans' Forum





FIRST PRIZE LETTER
$10.00

My favorite actor is not a glamor boy. He would never be classed as the best-dressed man in Hollywood. He would probably never be selected by the dewy-eyed cuties as the Adonis with whom they would like to be marooned on a desert isle. As far as I know, he has never won an Academy Award. But that's okay, Wallace Beery, let 'em have their old "Oscars," as long as your doting fans have you!

When this squint-eyed, lovable old cuss blusters across the screen, pants' legs sagging, lank hair escaping from his disreputable hat, something seems to tug at my heart-strings. When he passes the back of one grimy hand across his eyes and blinks rapidly, I surreptitiously pull out my lace-edged hanky and wipe away a sympathetic tear. When he murders the king's English, I forget that I went to college.

Villain or hero, the character comes to life when played by this master artist. No matter how unimportant the picture, it becomes great and vital and filled with meaning, with Wally Beery at the "controls." So you go right on being yourself, Wally—we wouldn't trade that endearing, homely mug of yours for all the glamor boys in Hollywood!

MRS. H. R. BIERHORST, Shreveport, La.

SECOND PRIZE LETTER
$5.00

Why in heaven's name doesn't Claire Trevor rate in big time productions? She's been up on top for a number of years, but they've got the nerve to class her as queen of "B" pictures when she should be playing leading lady in only "A" films. Claire has proven that she can play different types of rôles, and very effectively, and still she is given leads in only "second rate" features. It may be that the success of a lot of "B" films are due primarily to the acting skill of such stars as Miss Trevor. Why don't the producers give her the break she deserves, after so many years of fine work? In my opinion, Claire ranks with such stars as Lana Turner, Betty Grable, Rita Hayworth and should be given parts as important as these girls play.

PVT. RAYMOND A. CHESNA,
Camp White, Ore.

FIVE PRIZE LETTERS
$1.00 EACH

Lately, I've been missing someone very much, and that's to be expected, because he is my favorite boy friend. I'm sure the name is familiar—Jimmy Stewart. He has been gone for some time now and I'm lonesome but I'm very proud, too, because he's helping a favorite uncle of mine to keep 'em flying!

How many countless dates we had at the movies! Gosh, how I thrilled to that lazy drawl and felt my knees get weak while I watched that funny face twist into a shy little-boy smile.

Despite the competition, and there was certainly plenty of it, I always felt he was strictly MY boy friend and someone pretty special. After all, didn't he send me an autographed photograph?

So this is just to let him know that I miss him and can hardly wait till he'll be back again for those Saturday night dates at our neighborhood movie. Until then, Keep 'Em Flying, Jimmy!

LOWIS BOERS, Miami, Fla.

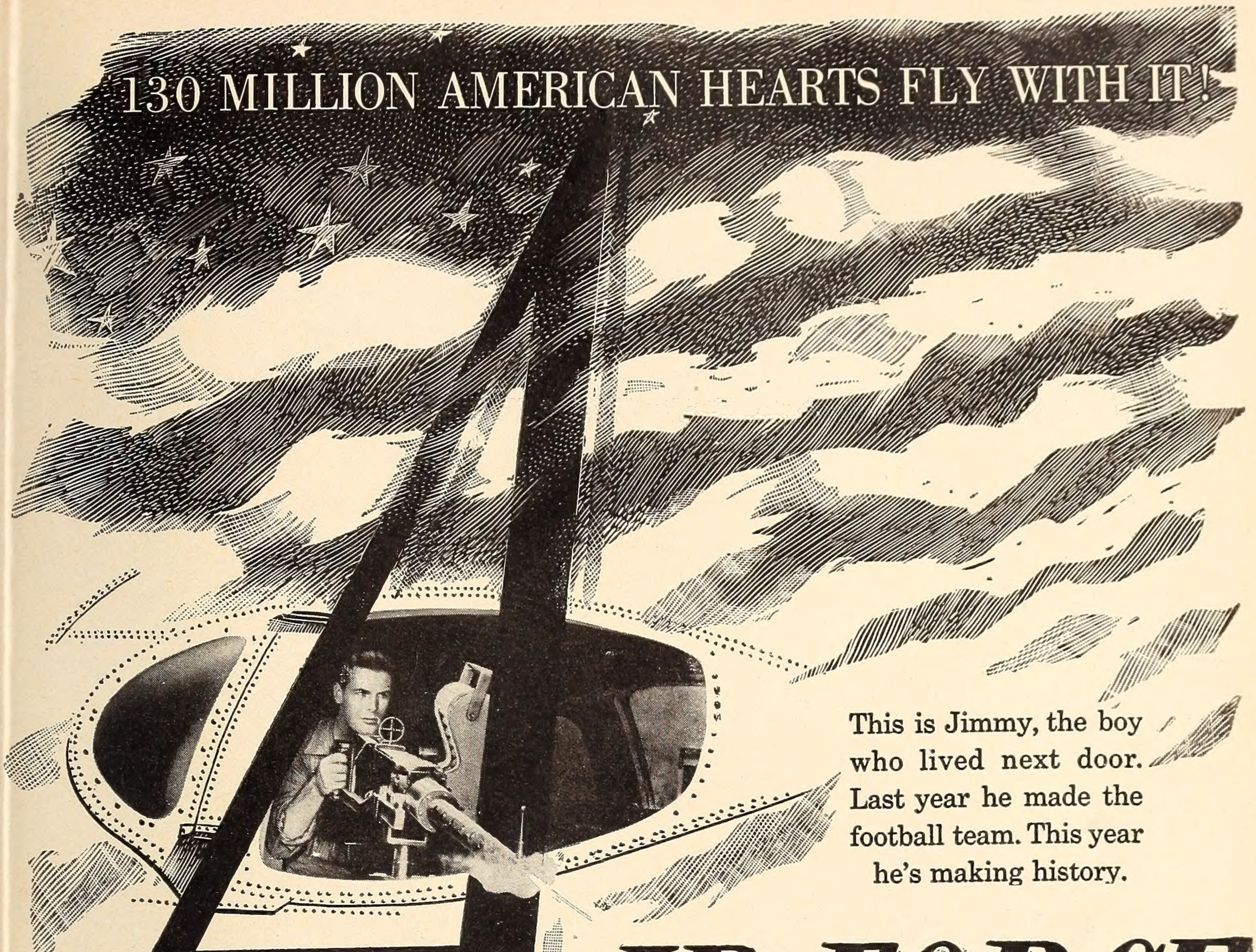
(*Please turn to page 12*)

Here's How You Can Reach The Stars

Everybody likes to receive letters and the movie stars are no exception. The players like to hear what you fans think about their latest rôles and are even curious to know how you like their new hair-dos. There's no surer way of getting your letters before your favorites than by having them printed in this Forum. You would be surprised to see how grateful the stars are for your comments—not only praise, but constructive criticism is even *more* appreciated. If published, your letter may win a War Savings Stamps prize to start you on your next Bond purchase and help bring Victory so much nearer. Prizes: first, $10.00; second, $5.00; and five of $1.00 each, payable in War Savings Stamps. Closing date, 25th of month.

Please address letters to SCREENLAND FAN'S FORUM, 205 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

130 MILLION AMERICAN HEARTS FLY WITH IT!



This is Jimmy, the boy who lived next door. Last year he made the football team. This year he's making history.

AIR FORCE

THE PICTURE THAT REMEMBERS PEARL HARBOR. IT COMES TO YOU FROM

...COURAGE YOU CAN'T HELP CHEERING, IN MEN YOU CAN'T HELP LOVING!

Warner Bros.

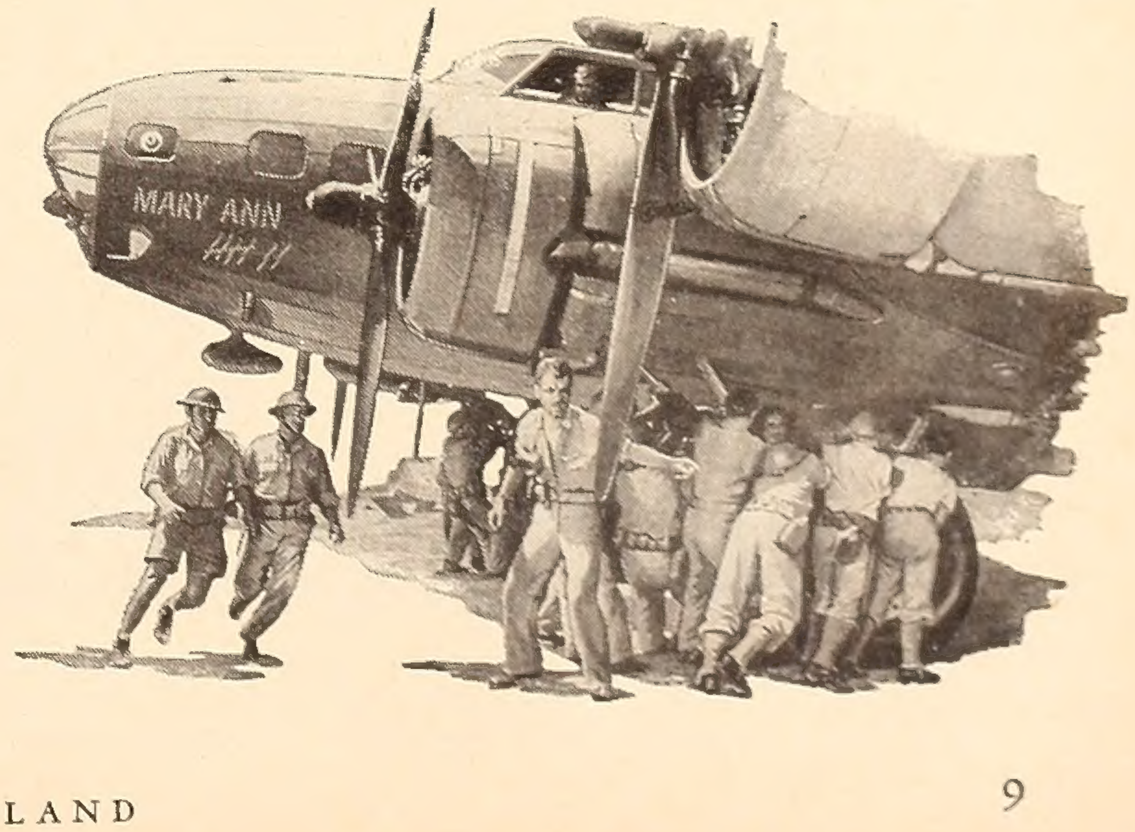
PRODUCED BY

HAL B. WALLIS

...AS THE MEN WHO LOVED 'MARY ANN'—THE FLYING FORTRESS: JOHN GARFIELD • GIG YOUNG • HARRY CAREY • GEORGE TOBIAS • ARTHUR KENNEDY • JAS. BROWN • JOHN RIDGELY • SCREENPLAY: DUDLEY NICHOLS

HOWARD HAWKS

PRODUCTION



HONOR PAGE

"Air Force" is a thrilling screen show—the story of a Flying Fortress and the heroic feats of her crew in the war of the Pacific

Introducing John Ridgely, who makes his rôle of brave pilot of a Boeing B-17 both gallant and believable. Ridgely is star material



Warner Bros.

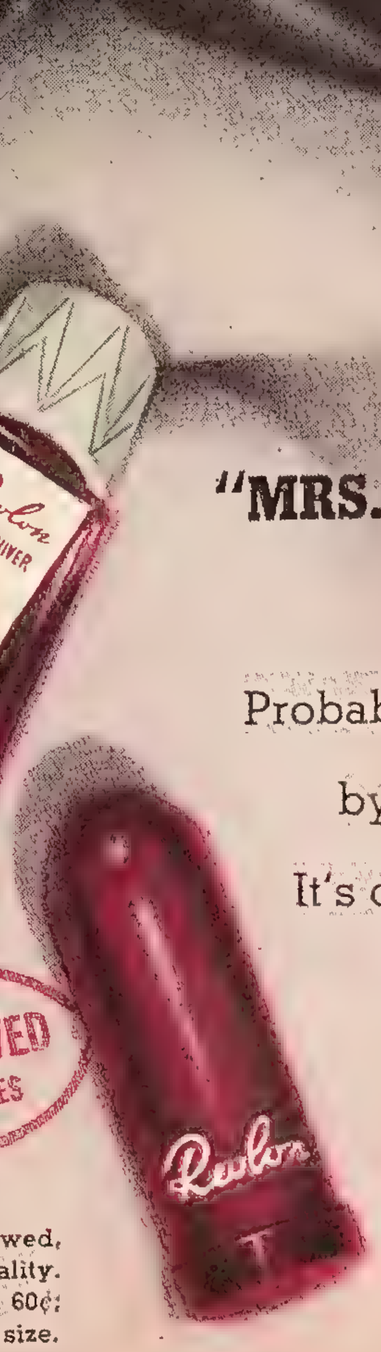


In exciting scenes in "Air Force," Ridgely commands attention against keen competition by Gig Young, newcomer James Brown (above) and John Garfield.



Warner Bros. talent scouts discovered Ridgely at Pasadena Community Playhouse.





PREVIEWED 160 TIMES

Only Revlon is previewed, your assurance of quality. Nail Enamel, 60¢; Lipstick, 60¢; also $1.00 size.

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"MRS. MINIVER ROSE"...

beautiful, of course.

Probably the loveliest nail enamel and lipstick color ever created by Revlon . . . or by anyone else. But, beauty alone is not enough these days. It's quality that counts, now, in everything you buy. And, it's the superb lasting quality behind beautiful colors that makes

Revlon

the world's most famous name in nail enamel . . . and lipstick, too!

It's a
BIG PICTURE



ROY ROGERS

in a picture as big as its mighty setting—filled with action, laughter and song!

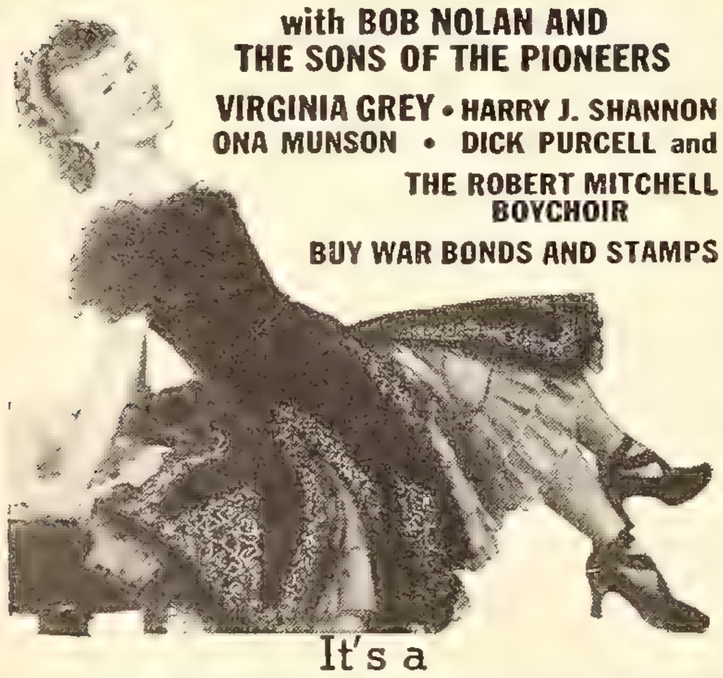
and SMILEY BURNETTE in

IDAHO

with BOB NOLAN AND
THE SONS OF THE PIONEERS

VIRGINIA GREY • HARRY J. SHANNON
ONA MUNSON • DICK PURCELL and
THE ROBERT MITCHELL BOYCHOIR

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS



It's a
REPUBLIC PICTURE

Fans' Forum

Continued from page 8

There ain't no justice!

Marlene Dietrich, who came to us in a flash in "The Blue Angel" and "Morocco," followed it up with "Desire," and then went out for two years after "Angel," is the best example possible.

There she was! A fighting hell-cat in "Destry Rides Again." The picture and Marlene were both huge successes, which was fine, but did she have to go and make "Seven Sinners" and "Flame of New Orleans" then?

That just about put her out again until "Manpower" saved her. But then she was thrown back into "The Lady Is Willing."

Honestly, I don't know if it's Marlene's fault or the fault of her producer, but she is going out just as fast the second time as she did the first if she doesn't stop making punk pictures.

Personally, I love Dietrich. She is the ultimate in glamor and beauty and charm. But the public cannot tolerate her as an ultra-ultra glamor girl. They want her in action films, opposite handsome, important leading men, *acting!*

I would like to see what she could do with a really grand part for a change instead of the trite material she has been getting lately.

HENRY CHRISTIAN, Chicago, Ill.

Yesterday, on the screen, I saw *an actor.* Not just "an actor," but a young man who really rates the title. I saw him capture and hold the audience's interest and never for a moment let it go. A young actor who carried the weight of the picture's success or failure on his slim shoulders and came through with flying colors. A young man whose mere glance burns like an inextinguishable fire. An actor who packs more dynamite with his smile than Joe Louis does with his fists. True, he's not a great lover like Jean Gabin, but I would not trade one of his dimples for all of Gabin's love scenes.

He may not have Victor Mature's body, or Errol Flynn's face, but the talent this young actor has in his little finger, neither of them have in their whole bodies. The low, mysterious voice of this young man has more sex appeal than ten Boyers, including his French accent. I am happy that Hollywood finally gave this young man his chance to enter America's heart, and I am doubly happy because I believe that this young man will not go Hollywood and be a star one night and a has-been the next. I hope to see his name leading the list of box-office favorites, some day, and I am sure I will. Who is this young man? He's Alan Ladd, and he spells Dynamite!

RUTH LERMAN, Roxbury, Mass.

My childhood was spent in France. The *old* France where beauty and romance walked serenely, hand in hand! When France fell, I wept as others did.

Here in the security of the United States I wondered about the country of my childhood, never could I fit the new pattern of things to the old France. Then I saw the picture, "Reunion."

Here was the land I once knew so well, but a dark new France where every move was stealthy. Friendship was a dead word.

I saw the heart of a wounded country, the spirit and body of that country in the form of Joan Crawford.

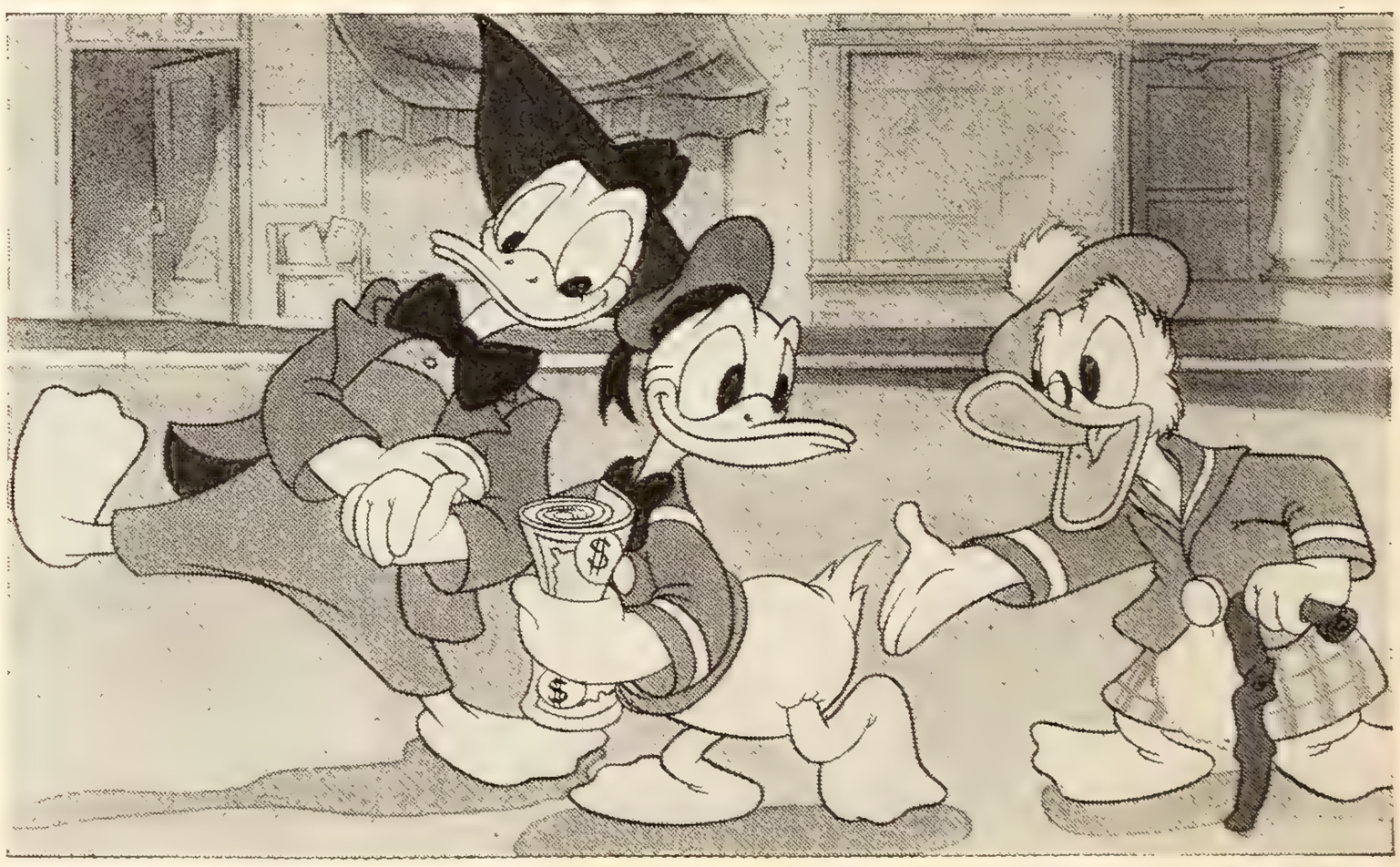
I saw the strange shadowy France with all its stealth and treachery in the person of Philip Dorn, a fine actor.

Joan portrayed the now no longer familiar country, heart-broken, a little ashamed, unhappy and a little lost—lost because those professing to be her lovers were but her enemies—yet through it all France was there.

**MARIE THERESA DURAND,
Cuyahoga Falls, O.**

Usually after attending such a super-special show as "Mrs. Miniver," I feel no inclination to see another cinema the following week or two. There is too much of a let-down. But a few weeks ago I saw "Mrs. Miniver" and the very next night went to "Talk of the Town" and I experienced no disappointment whatsoever. It was delightfully humorous and yet—what a subtle lesson for all stuffed shirts was divulged as the story ran its swift-moving course! I sat next to a wealthy church member whose preachment of "business is business" often makes him inhuman to those in debt to him. And did he squirm! And the town's most aristocratic lady was all smiles and bows to *everyone* in the lobby after the show. Yes sir! It was a wonderful movie, acted so realistically by Cary Grant, Jean Arthur and Ronald Colman. This sort of play, although sugar-coated with humor, will accomplish as much to further the war effort and democracy as "Mrs. Miniver."

MRS. CHARLES MYERS, Lexington, Nebr.



A scene from "The Spirit of '43," Treasury Department short filmed by Walt Disney, showing Zootie, zoot suit duck who works for Hitler, urging Donald Duck to spend for the Axis, but Scotty, a wise Scotch duck, tells Don how important it is to save to pay income taxes.



DO YOUR BEST . . . AND *Be at your Best*

THESE are simple obligations, to our country, to our men at the front, and to ourselves.

No matter what your job—housewife, office employee, war worker—give it all you've got . . . do your best all of the time.

That means keeping strong, keeping healthy. This job's going to take every bit of stamina we can muster. And health is your greatest asset.

But as you work, don't forget to play. Play is the great equalizer. Make it part of your life also. Step forth. Go places. Meet people. Cultivate old friends and make new ones—lots of them. And try to be at your best always. Look your neatest. Be your sweetest. Swap a smile for a tear. Trade a laugh for a frown. Don't let down. Keep smiling. Keep going. That's the way the boys at the front would like it.

* * *

As a safe, efficient household antiseptic for use in a thousand little emergencies, Listerine Antiseptic has stood pre-eminent for more than half a century. In the later years it has established a truly impressive record against America's No. 1 health problem, the ordinary cold, and its frequent attribute, sore throat.

It is hardly necessary to add that, because of its germicidal action which halts bacterial fermentation in the mouth, Listerine Antiseptic is the social standby of millions who do not wish to offend needlessly in the matter of halitosis (unpleasant breath). Lambert Pharmacal Co., *St. Louis, Mo.*



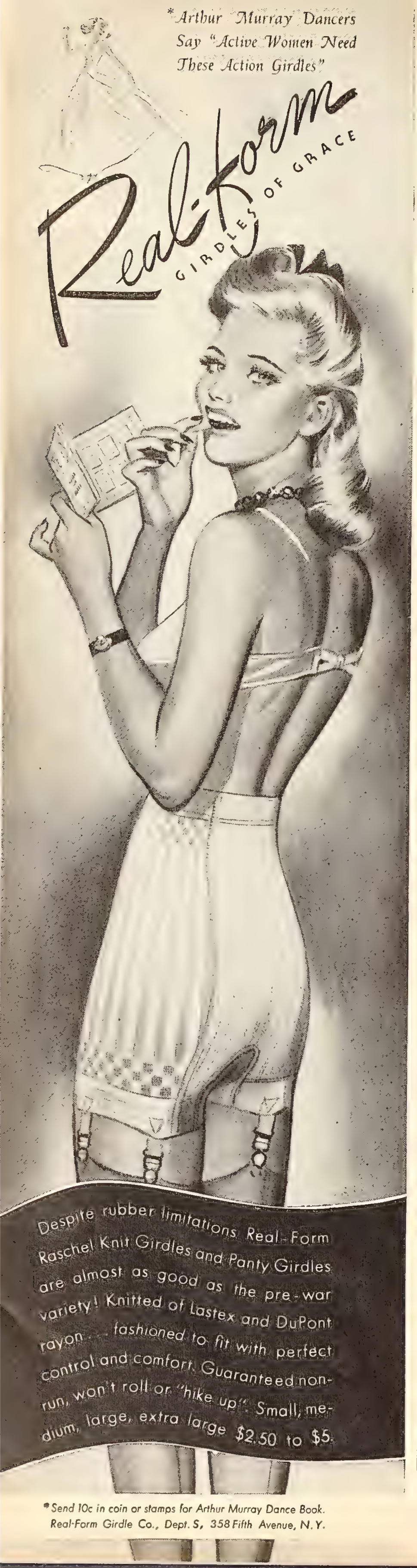
LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

for Oral Hygiene

ATTENTION PLEASE: If you haven't tried Listerine Tooth Paste you're missing something!

*Arthur Murray Dancers Say "Active Women Need These Action Girdles"

Real-Form GIRDLES OF GRACE



Despite rubber limitations Real-Form Raschel Knit Girdles and Panty Girdles are almost as good as the pre-war variety! Knitted of Lastex and DuPont rayon . . . fashioned to fit with perfect control and comfort. Guaranteed non-run, won't roll or "hike up". Small, medium, large, extra large $2.50 to $5.

*Send 10c in coin or stamps for Arthur Murray Dance Book. Real-Form Girdle Co., Dept. S, 358 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.



Your GUIDE to CURRENT FILMS

SELECTED BY Delight Evans



AIR FORCE—*Warner Bros.*

Exciting entertainment that is also an excellent fictional account of recent American history in the making, this saga of the Flying Fortress nicknamed the "Mary Ann" by her courageous crew begins on December 6, 1941, as the big bomber takes off on a "routine training flight" to Hawaii. The heroic adventures of the "Mary Ann" from Hickam Field and Wake Island on to Manila and Australia after thrilling brushes with the Japs, are stirringly set forth by director Howard Hawks and his splendid cast including John Garfield, Harry Carey, George Tobias, Gig Young, and John Ridgely. Magnificent photography.



THEY GOT ME COVERED—*Samuel Goldwyn-RKO*

Bob Hope as a nitwit newshawk on the trail of Nazi saboteurs—can you imagine the comic complications? No, you can't, for only Hope could commit the hilarious blunders that lead him into the nest of spies and safely out again. Uproarious climax has the inimitable fellow rounding up the ring single-handed, and you rolling in the aisles. Fun is surprisingly slow in spots for a Hope film; but Bob, Dorothy Lamour as his long-suffering girl friend, Otto Preminger, Marion Martin, cute Phyllis Ruth are on their toes every minute. Watch the very lovely newcomer Lenore Aubert.



SHADOW OF A DOUBT—*Universal*

This gripping mystery drama, packed with shivers, was directed by Alfred Hitchcock, master of suspense, so you'll probably see it from the edge of your seat. It's about the daughter of a typical American family who idolizes her "visiting" *Uncle Charlie* until his strange behavior makes her suspicious. She discovers that the uncle for whom she was named is the hunted "merry widow murderer," who will stop at nothing to save himself. Teresa Wright, fine as the horror-stricken girl; Joseph Cotten, splendid as the charming, yet terrifying *Uncle*. Macdonald Carey and Patricia Collinge lend fine support.



THE IMMORTAL SERGEANT—*20th Century-Fox*

A realistic war drama about the exploits of a handful of heroic soldiers—a British scouting patrol—lost in the Libyan desert. Henry Fonda is at his best as the Corporal who takes over the command when the Sergeant dies. Thomas Mitchell is fine as the Sergeant whose *memory* guides the inexperienced Fonda in decisions and encounters with the enemy. It's a man's movie, but it has a love story for the ladies, told in flashbacks, showing Fonda's thoughts taking him back to happier days, particularly his romance with Maureen O'Hara , and incidents with a rival, Reginald Gardiner.



THE POWERS GIRL—*United Artists*

Those far-famed long-stemmed American beauties of the John Powers model agency are further glorified in this romantic musical which features Carole Landis, George Murphy, Anne Shirley, and Dennis Day, in addition to a collection of the Powers pretties. In the unsympathetic rôle of a ruthlessly ambitious model, Miss Landis scores; and the voice of Mr. Day is as melodious as his song numbers permit; but George Murphy over-acts as the photographer who finds big sister Carole photogenic and little sister Anne lovable. Amusing Alan Mowbray plays the John Powers part.



THE CRYSTAL BALL—*United Artists*

A gay and romantic farce in which a beautiful but poor girl from deep in the heart of Texas tries to win a handsome attorney, a good catch, away from the wealthy widow he is planning to marry. When Paulette Goddard pinch-hits for *Madame Zenobia,* a phony crystal gazer, and gets Ray Milland in the fortune-telling booth, she fixes things up—for herself—by giving him mystic advice that helps her in her campaign. Sparkling performances by Paulette and Milland, and Virginia Field rates special mention as the dashing widow and so does the capable supporting cast. See it and forget your troubles for a little while. If you don't have troubles, see it anyway—for the fun of it.



TENNESSEE JOHNSON—*M-GM*

Here's a screen biography that is entertaining as well as instructive. It's the story of Andrew Johnson, only U. S. President ever to face impeachment charges. Van Heflin gives a forceful portrayal as the Vice-President who became President when Lincoln was assassinated, and who fought to carry out his predecessor's policies regarding the conquered South. The movie points out that now, as then, unity must prevail. Film's highlights are the impeachment trial, and the fights from the Senate floor. Lionel Barrymore, convincing as Thaddeus Stevens, Johnson's political adversary; Ruth Hussey, good as Johnson's understanding mate. It's definitely a picture for grown-ups.



SILVER SKATES—*Monogram*

A screen musical on ice, packed with entertainment for everybody—young and old. The financial problems of an ice show and the romances concerning its members make up the story that introduces spectacular skating sequences and solos by wizards of the blades: Belita, "Ice-Capades" star, her partner, Eugene Turner, the champion figure skater, Frick and Frack in some of their riotous comedy routines, those accomplished kid skaters, Irene Dare (10) and Danny Shaw (11) and the graceful skating chorus. Tenor Kenny Baker, fine as the band leader; Patricia Morison, good as the show's producer and the girl Kenny loves. See it—it's entertaining—a good tonic for tired nerves.

"If I waited for a dinner date—I'd starve!"



Joan: The only dates in my life are those on the calendar... but the fellows stand in line to take *you* out! What's missing in my bag of tricks?

Alice: You *should* have plenty of come-hither, Joan darling. You have looks and personality, but one thing dims your lucky star—and you don't even know what it is!



Alice: That's the way underarm odor fools you, Joan—you can offend and *never know it!* Even with a daily bath, you can't be *sure*—that's why I use Mum!



(Later) Alice is right—and I'm through taking chances! From now on—it's a bath to remove past perspiration, and Mum to prevent risk of future underarm odor.



Play safe with daintiness—every day, after every bath, use Mum! You'll like Mum for—

Speed—Takes only 30 seconds to smooth on Mum! Can be used even *after* you're dressed.

Safety—Gentle Mum won't irritate underarms, even after shaving. Mum won't injure fabrics, says the American Institute of Laundering.

Sureness—Mum guards charm all during your business day or evening date. Get Mum today!

• • •

For Sanitary Napkins—*Mum is so gentle, so safe that thousands of women use it this important way, too.*

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Product of Bristol-Myers

EXCITING NEW "MAKE-UP" BRINGS *Color-Bright Beauty* to Any Shade of Hair!



Don't waste time envying the woman whose hair is lovely and glamorous. With just a little time—right at home—you can bring your own hair "to life"...make it sparkle with radiant light and youthful color!

It's all so *easy*, too, with Marchand's exciting new "Make-Up" Hair Rinse! After your shampoo, dissolve the delicately tinted Rinse in warm water and brush it through your hair. Then... prepare for a surprise! All trace of soap-film has disappeared. Your hair is thrillingly alive—*color-bright* again!

So safe!... Can't harm your hair!

Marchand's "Make-Up" Rinse is not a *bleach!* Not a *permanent dye!* It goes on and washes off as easily as your facial make-up. Made with Government-approved colors, Marchand's Rinse is as safe to use as lemon or vinegar. And it does so much *more* for your hair.

Marchand's "Make-Up" Rinse comes in 12 different tints for every color hair. Many stunning effects can be had by employing a "warmer" or "cooler" tint than the shade which *matches* your hair... Try it today!

Marchand's *"Make-Up"* HAIR RINSE

6 Rinses—25c
2 Rinses—10c
At all Drug Counters



MADE BY THE MAKERS OF GOLDEN HAIR WASH

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★ **SONG POEMS** WANTED
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★ Publishers need new songs! Submit one or more of your best poems for immediate consideration. Any subject. Send poem. PHONOGRAPH RECORDS MADE.
★ FIVE STAR MUSIC MASTERS, 605 Beacon Bldg., Boston, Mass.



There's no shortage of hospitality and good cheer, says gracious Anna Lee, your Spring Luncheon Hostess

By Betty Boone



Charming Anna Lee, the star of United Artists' 'Unconquered," is pictured in her home for the first time. At right, with her two adorable little daughters. Below, decorating her table for her special Spring Luncheon for SCREENLAND readers.



SHORTAGES of this and that during war time are bound to confront any cook, whether she is Mrs. American Housewife or the cook who presides over a movie star's kitchen.

Anna Lee thinks it especially fitting that she should have a cook from Czechoslovakia while she's making a picture of that harassed land—the Arnold Pressburger production of "Unconquered." A break for the publicity department," she agrees, with a little toss of her gold-brown curls.

The cook can look on an empty sugar bin, egg basket or butter dish without wrinkling her calm brow. "If not one fine food, then another," she says, "in this country of plenty." Which is the sane and intelligent way to look at it.

For example, Anna Lee's idea of an interesting menu for a spring luncheon is:

Braised Grapefruit
Green Salad · Welsh Rarebit
Artichokes
"Trifle"
Tea

"To braise grapefruit," explains Anna Lee, "you pour maraschino over the fruit, then place it in the broiler

until it's slightly brown, and serve at once.

"My idea of good rarebit is the kind you make with beer, but this also takes eggs, butter and cheese. My cook substitutes another rarebit, if short of eggs and butter, which is quite delicious.

"For each person served, you spread a half slice of bread with mustard and brown in a hot oven; remove, cover with 3 tablespoons of sharp cider, lay on a quarter-inch slice of Kraft American or Cheddar cheese, cover with a thin slice of lean bacon, return to oven until cheese is melted.

THIN CREAM SAUCE
(for artichokes)

1 tablespoon butter or olive oil
1 cup milk or cream
⅛ teaspoon white pepper
1 tablespoon flour
½ teaspoon salt

Melt butter in saucepan, add flour and mix well; add cold milk slowly, stirring until smooth and creamy; add salt and pepper and boil about three minutes.

If you prefer fruit to green salad for luncheon, a novel way of serving this is the Salad of the Ancients.

SALAD OF THE ANCIENTS

Fasten together two animal crackers with toothpicks. Join two round crackers in same fashion for wheels. Across toothpicks place one long wafer (saltine) making the small cart. Place a leaf of Romaine or lettuce, with skirt trailing on the saltine and fill with fruit salad.

"A molded gelatine looks pretty in these carts," observes Anna Lee, "and if you decide to serve them with sandwiches, cut the sandwiches in triangle and make them into pyramids at the side of the salad."

If whipped cream isn't among your scarcities, Anna Lee recommends that you serve a dessert of mock egg on toast.

For this, cut angel or sponge cake in squares. Cover with layer of whipped cream, flavored with Burnett's vanilla. Place half a large yellow peach, pit side down, on the cream. Or you can substitute ice cream for the whipped cream.

"Trifle," as you probably know, is a British dish calling for sponge cake, moistened in sherry wine, covered with light custard and dotted with strawberry jam.

Anna Lee suggests gingercake topped with marshmallows as a substitute, and offers angel gingercake.

ANGEL GINGERCAKE

½ cup Crisco
¼ cup molasses (Brer Rabbit)
1 level teaspoon soda
¼ teaspoon cinnamon
½ cup sugar
1⅛ cups Swansdown flour
½ cup boiling water.

Cream shortening, sugar and cinnamon, add molasses, add flour and soda sifted together. Mix thoroughly and add boiling water last. Set marshmallows on top and put back in oven until they brown.

If the meat shortage has hit your neighborhood, an excellent substitute for meat dish is spaghetti with pitted ripe olives instead of meat balls. Plenty of tomato and cheese used in place of meat in any spaghetti dish is welcomed by any family.

An unusual and excellent luncheon dish in an "R" month is oyster dumpling.

OYSTER DUMPLING

Select good sized oysters, pour over them some lemon juice, season with salt and pepper and stand in cool place while crust is baking. Roll puff paste very thin, cut into 4 inch squares, and brush with egg white.

(*Please turn to page 64*)



Your War-Busy Hands can be Lovely

if you follow the easy Cutex Method



On your knees on the nursery floor or flat on your back under a bomber—you're the new national glamour girl.

When you *do* get a night off, your hands are going to look as fascinating as though they never saw a wrench or an oil can or a scrubbing brush.

30 Cutex minutes a week . . . keeps your fingers leisure-lovely-looking and fools every Axis spy in town. No trick at all for 1943 woman power!

6 Ways to War-Lady Fingers

1. Whisk off old polish with Cutex Oily Polish Remover.
2. Deftly shape nails to a rounded oval with Cutex Emery Board and soak fingertips in warm soapy water.
3. Apply soothing Cutex Oily Cuticle Remover with cotton-wrapped Cutex Orange Stick. Now it's easy to press back cuticle. Wipe away dead, loose cuticle.
4. Dip in clear water and whiten with Cutex Nail White Pencil or Cream under nail tips.
5. Flow on Cutex Polish Foundation and Cutex Polish. (2 coats for that professional look). Hairline tip for longer wear. Now—Cutex Overcoat for speed drying.
6. Massage cuticle and fingertips with Cutex Cuticle Oil or Brittle Nail Cream.

All these luxurious Cutex products come in 10¢ sizes (plus tax). Cuticle Remover and Cuticle Oil also in economical 35¢ size (plus tax).

Northam Warren, New York

CUTEX



A woman cries out . . . her husband is a hostage going to his death! But the firing squads . . . and the hangman's noose . . . the rifle butt and the barbed wire cannot, will not . . . crush the spirit of a people!

John Steinbeck's

THE MOON IS DOWN

One of the greatest stories of our time becomes one of the greatest pictures of all time! . . . Throbbing with the fury of emotions beyond words!

with

SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE • HENRY TRAVERS • LEE J. COBB • DORRIS BOWDON • MARGARET WYCHERLY

Directed by Irving Pichel • Produced and Written for the Screen by Nunnally Johnson

A 20th CENTURY-FOX PICTURE

The Editor's Page



An Open Letter to DENNIS MORGAN

YOU'RE no Glamor Boy! You look like one, and on the screen you ARE one. But after meeting you I have come to the conclusion that your real personality is a cross between Cagney and Tracy with overtones of Allen Jenkins. And I mean that as a compliment.

You were never, I must admit, one of my favorite actors. For one thing, you are just too good-looking for comfort. Me, I'm the Cagney-fan type. For another thing, you are almost always cast as a man with romance on his mind, and not much else. Now I know that was miscasting. You can't help the way you look.

And you have quite a few other things on your mind besides *l'amour*. Going fishing, for instance. Your idea of a perfect get-away-from-it-all is a fishing trip to your native Wisconsin, with a fellow you used to go to school with, he's in the drugstore business. Up there, you're not Dennis Morgan, you're Stan Morner, who happens to be in the movie business.

No—for an Adonis you don't act the part at all. Instead of campaigning for your new picture, "The Desert Song"—Morgan Sings!—you went shopping for presents for your five-year-old daughter, who remarked as she saw you off for New York recently, "Goodbye, Daddy, how I love you, what will you bring me?" And like any other proud and doting father, the handsome Mr. Morgan from Hollywood lost his head in the toy department.

Well, if I've blasted the fond illusions of your faithful fans, Mr. M., I am so sorry, please. But when they see and hear you in "The Desert Song" they will get 'em all back.

Delight Evans

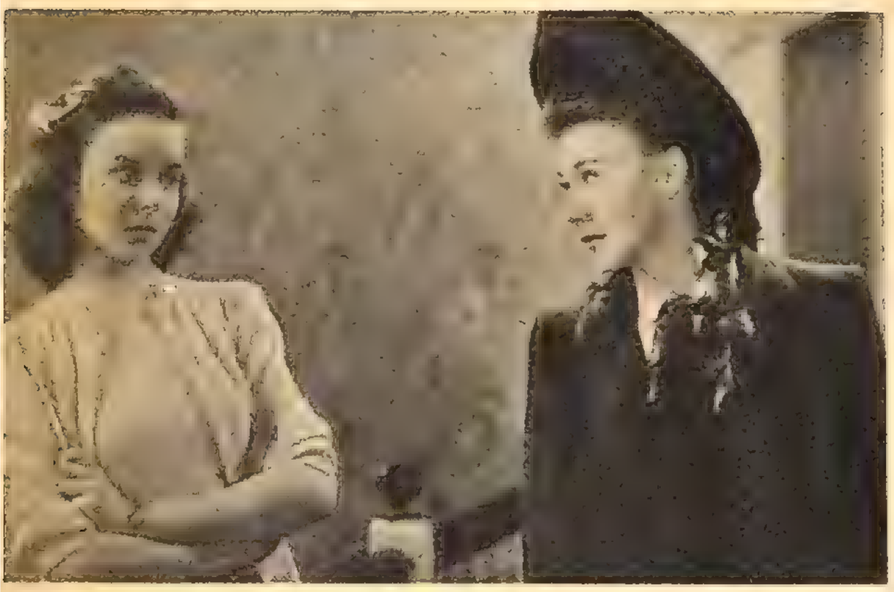


Dennis Morgan started as a singer, but he'd rather act. He does both in his new film, "The Desert Song," with Irene Manning. See him in sheik costume with his leading lady at top of page. Meet the real Morgan in this Open Letter from the Editor.

EVERYBODY'S DAUGHTER



Though a starlet, Diana still attends Paramount studio school.



Above, in her smash-hit rôle with Ginger Rogers in "The Major and the Minor."



Diana Lynn, just turned sixteen, is Hollywood's baby bombshell

By Sydney Valentine

ON THE screen, Diana Lynn is "everybody's little sister," but in real life she is typically "everybody's daughter." Which means that this youngster, just turned sixteen in the midst of remarkable and sudden screen fame, is as totally different off screen as she is on.

In movies, Diana's success has been at little sistering it all over the place. Remember "The Major and the Minor"? She was Rita Johnson's snippy, little know-it-all sis who connived against big sister to take Ray Milland away from her and give him to Ginger Rogers. Well

(*Please turn to page 62*)




Lana Turner





BETTE DAVIS' CHALLENGE TO AMERICAN WOMEN

YOU can find the time to do important things—SHE can! Here, Hollywood's First Lady tells other women how she does it

By Gladys Hall

"PRIOR to the Hollywood Canteen," Bette Davis told me, "I never had a minute. Since then, I have had *as much time as I had before*. Which has been a revelation to me about what can be done with time. It has taught me that there is no such thing as not being able to do things if you really want to do them.

"I don't believe it is possible to find a really busy person who will turn you down on anything. The women who say 'sorry, just too busy' are, nine times out of ten, not busy at all. They are the ones who window-shop, who say 'Let's have lunch, run into Magnin's and see what's new.' Or, as a young woman I know incredibly told me the other day when I asked her to stand by at the Canteen, 'Darling, any day but today. You see, I have a date with a fortune teller!'

"It is women like this," Bette said bluntly, "I would like to penalize in some quite dreadful way. Women," the Davis voice was a sharp spike of scorn, "who are very busy doing nothing. It is possible, you know, to be exceedingly busy doing nothing.

"Or the women who say, 'I'm not the Club type. I can't sit with other women and sew bandages.' Horrifying, isn't it, a remark like that? When you think of the wounds for which the bandages are rolled or sewn.

"Many of us, even here in Hollywood, and I'm certainly one, had what I call rather private careers. We kept them private because (a) we thought it good business or (b) wanted them to be that way. You couldn't pay me to make a personal appearance tour if I were starving.

"This town of Hollywood has always been magnificently generous with checks. We all have sat at home and signed our names to slips of paper with potent purchasing power. But that isn't enough, now. It is still going on, but added to the gifts of money we must now make the gift of ourselves.

"We can't stay in our cosy little worlds. We can't sit down and think what WE want to do. It doesn't boil down to the question of whether you enjoy doing the job there is to be done, or not.

"Mind you, there are exceptions. No person is needed in the war effort badly enough to make the sacrifice of home things, the neglect of small children worthwhile. And no one but a very healthy person should go into war work and try to maintain a home, a job or both at the same time. For physically, it isn't good. Physically, you can't expect to be in good form if you try to carry on three major jobs. But (*Please turn to page 60*)

sive photos show a typical day in
usy life of Bette Davis. Her studio
ing room is also her office, where
upervises the work of the Hollywood
een. Above, discussing a scene with
tor Vincent Sherman on the set.
above, end of a hectic day, study-
er script in bed. Below, with Miriam
ins in a tense scene from the new
film, "Old Acquaintance." Note
's new "hair-do." She cut it herself.

Photos by Warner Bros.

By Jack Holland

DANA ANDREWS'

IT DOESN'T seem so long ago since this writer first met Dana Andrews. Yet it must have been over six years. At the time, Dana was just another ambitious and talented kid with hopes and dreams, playing various and sundry rôles at the Pasadena Community Playhouse while he waited for his break.

The other day, I paid another visit to Dana. And what a study in contrasts! He had just moved into his new home in Sherman Oaks, a suburb in the valley. And as for his career, stardom was no longer around the corner. It was here.

Dana's home is nestled among the green hills. It is a 20th century Colonial type. It isn't a tremendous mansion. Rather, it's a modest house but one that can be called unusual because of the careful thought and planning that went into its building. The entrance hall is not large, but it is distinctive because of the wallpaper that decorates the walls. Of the toile colonial style, it gives out a delightful warmth and color. The living room is solidly covered with a dark maroon rug. The walls are white borders with a middle section of pale blue—and most unique. But the den and the kitchen are the top features. The den is not mammoth, but it has great charm. It features a row of windows overlooking the garden on one side plus a fireplace whose size staggers the imagination. It is the perfect den—manly, comfortable, livable. As for the kitchen, it is done in chartreuse and Chinese red.

"The kitchen," Dana began as he took me on a tour of the house, "was my idea. I wanted this special combination because I hate a dull-looking kitchen. Mary, my wife, wasn't too sure at first about chartreuse and red for colors, but now she likes it." He started to lead me to another room. "Now, I want to show you the oddest thing about the house."

"It was the wallpaper—*on the ceiling*—in the guest





New male rave in Hollywood, Dana Andrews, gives first, exclusive home interview. Star of 20th Century-Fox's "Ox-Bow Incident" is pictured here with his wife (right and below) and his baby daughter Katharine (facing page).

bathroom downstairs. The paper had a black background with large floral designs in pastel colors. "Mary wasn't at all convinced that wallpaper was a good idea for the ceiling in a bathroom, especially paper of this type," Dana went on, "but now we're both crazy about it. When I got the idea for decorating this room, I wasn't too sure what I wanted. The day Mary and I went to the store to see the wallpaper samples, I had on a yellow shirt with a red tie and I wore a blue coat. The outfit wasn't as outlandish as it may sound. Well, the man in the store took one look at me and dragged out his most colorful—and I do mean colorful—paper. I know he thought, 'Anyone who wears such an outfit must want a lot of color in his wallpaper.' We have the same floral motif in our bedroom, too."

"But Mary was right about the badminton court," Dana continued, taking me outside. "She thought it wasn't necessary. I thought we'd have a lot of fun with it. Well, we built it and we've used it only once. That one time proved to us that the wind that comes down the hills and across the court is not conducive to good badminton. Now I'm going to have to tear it up or else build a hot-house on it."

Such is a sketchy view of one of the smartest homes in town. Yet it's more than just a house. It's a place built by love and by sacrifice and hope.

"Ever since Mary and I were married," Dana remarked as we finally settled ourselves in the den, "we wanted a home of our own. You see, I wanted one especially because I had never (*Please turn to page 66*)

DESIGN for LIVING





WALK

PRIVATE LIFE O
BETTY HUTTO

By Elizabeth Wilson





Knock, knock, who's there? Oh, pardon me, kids, it's only me, Betty Hutton. These pictures are the first ever made of la Hutton at home, a very nice apartment in very nice Beverly Hills, where she lives with her mother and stepfather.

BETTY HUTTON'S arrival in Hollywood some ten months ago was one for the books. It was definitely class. She had more trunks than a road company of "Lady in the Dark," and furthermore they were filled with clothes, and not with bricks, as were the trunks, one time, of a now famous comedienne. Orchids simply shrieked outrageous wealth on her shoulders, and across her arm (Betty was annoyed to find California having June in January) was a mink coat that was luxurious to the point of ecstasy.

Hollywood in the dumps, but not nearly so far in the dumps as they would be ten months later, perked up immediately, and asked a million questions about Miss Hutton. The wolves and the super salesmen rose in a body from the bar at Ciro's and bribed the elevator boy for her phone number. Not that it did them the slightest bit of good.

The Paramount boys sort of expected a frightened little dove to get off the train and inquire in a sweet girlish lisp the nearest bus line to the Studio Club. When they got a load of all that elegance they went "M-m-m-m-m." And when Miss Hutton said, in anything but a girlish lisp, "I want a penthouse, please," the boys went into a horn pipe and sang *Happy Days Are Here Again.* Miss Hutton didn't mind seeing her name in print. After reading about the fabulous Miss Hutton in all the columns and trade papers for weeks (some of the yokels even got her confused with that other Miss Hutton, the one who married Cary Grant) Hollywood was completely impressed with Betty, and said, in a voice tinged with awe, "That Hutton girl has more money than brains!"

That was all as Betty had planned it. When she arrived in Hollywood, practically an unknown, Betty Hutton was flat broke. But she knew exactly what she was going to do. The brain beneath that mop of curly blonde hair is one of the best brains in show business. For nights Betty had lain awake in her New York apartment, *not* a penthouse, planning this "entrance" into the Promised Land. "If your entrance is good," figured Betty, "you don't have to bother about your exit." In the most breathlessly stunning clothes Betty planted herself at the Mocambo or Ciro's every night, right where the producers would have to stumble over her on their way in and out.

Paramount had signed her for the spot of the comedienne in "The Fleet's In," starring Dorothy Lamour. If they didn't like her, they took great pains to explain to her, they were under no obligations after the picture and she could just pack her bags and go back to New York; but if they *did* like her they would pick up her option and talk salary. Now Betty never went to college (or one of those convents movie gals always seem to have gone to in their studio biographies) but she knows more about psychology than any Ph.D. And she certainly knows how to apply it. "When you are making deals," says Betty, "it is better to let on that you have money. The minute they think you haven't got anything they assume you are a bum and they want to cut you down. When I arrived in Hollywood I owed $10,000 on that grand duchess wardrobe. I hate to owe money, but I knew I could pay it back in time. That $5,000 mink coat

First, exclusive photographs of Hollywood's most dynamic new blonde at home!



—well. I was paying for it on the instalment plan, fifty bucks a week."

When the Paramount executives saw the rushes on "The Fleet's In" they knew they had a new star in the making, so they called Betty in to discuss salary. With the mink coat, two instalments overdue, slipping casually from her (*Please turn to page 85*)



Above, practicing her hit song on her home recording set. Singing isn't work to Betty; she loves it. However, she can't sing without dancing so she gets a double workout, top photo.

Dream Lovely LUCILLE BALL

STARRING IN "DU BARRY WAS A LADY," AN M-G-M PICTURE



You can have her Cameo Skin-Tone

AS TOLD TO LOUELLA PARSONS,
famous Hollywood Commentator:

"A puff full of glamour from my big box of Woodbury Powder—I'm ready for camera or conquest," says Lucille Ball. "This new *Woodbury Natural* shade gives a cameo skin-tone—petal-smooth, dazzling-fair, almost transparent!"

Clever Lucille Ball is right! Working with Hollywood directors, Woodbury discovered 5 complexion colorings. Then—by a wonderful new process, Color Control—Woodbury blended flattering shades to glorify each type.

Flick on *your* Woodbury glamour shade. Instantly, your complexion seems smoother, softer, more youthful. And fragrant flower-fresh Woodbury Powder clings like a magic aura.

Woodbury Powder is only $1.00, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢ a box. Why not wear it *today?* Make *his* heart beat faster.





WOODBURY POWDER
Color Controlled

BEAUTY BONUS... NEW Matched Make-up

Now with your $1.00 box of Powder, you also get Rouge and Lipstick, all in a stunning set. All just right for your coloring. All three for $1.00. Hollywood Type Chart in every box.

Assignment in Brittany

Complete fictionization of the exciting film based on best-selling book, with the new screen sensation, Pierre Aumont, Susan Peters, and Signe Hasso in the leads

SHE came to New York, from Ireland, four years ago. One year after her marriage to Mr. Edward Lindsay-Hogg. She did Shaw's "Heartbreak House" on the stage. She came to Hollywood six months later, or three and a half years ago. She made "Wuthering Heights" and "Dark Victory." She caused a stir. From the Front Office to the ranks of the extras ran the whisper, "A new star!" Bette Davis advised, "Watch her!" Her best friends are Olivia de Havilland and Ida Lupino. Without known precedent is the fact that, even for publication, "Livvy" and "Idesy" talked more about Geraldine than about themselves. Then she disappeared!

She went back to Ireland and had her baby. Master Michael Lindsay-Hogg, now aged two. As far as the public knew, she had retired.

She came back to Hollywood, made "Shining Victory." Following which, she remained off the screen for nine months. In other words, she has been going into periodic retirement ever since she arrived.

Time and again, people have wondered, what has become of Geraldine Fitzgerald? What has happened to her? Something eery about it, the way she comes and goes—materializes, vanishes, is here today, gone tomorrow!

Of herself, Geraldine said, laughing, "All my screen life appears to have been spent—off the screen. Well, most of it. I am always 'in' pictures, seldom on the screen."

Why? What gives with Geraldine? Let us, first, as a good detective would, examine the clues.

She cannot be "squeezed." (Explanation follows.)

She is supposed to have gypsy blood in her veins, is a tinker.

She lives in Boris Karloff's house. In the furnace room, Geraldine reports, there is a bust of Boris that lights up!

She is not afraid of anything that has to do with money.

Tea will kill her. She said so. Eight cups a day is moderation in tea for Geraldine.

She does not like poetry. This could be put more strongly; she detests it.

She also detests writing letters. She has, therefore, no pen, no paper, no desk at home. If one does get a note from her, it is because someone has sent her a gift or has had a death in the family, and it's as likely as not to be written on a piece of Kleenex or a fragment of the envelope one has just sent her.

She hates being kidded. (*Please turn to page 82*)



Candid closeup of the fascinating, unpredictable Geraldine Fitzgerald

By Faith Service

In newest rôle: "Watch on the Rhine," below; and in private life with her husband, Edward Lindsay-Hogg.



PORTRAIT OF A PIXIE



Take it, toss your head, laugh it off! Learn this lesson from the movie stars who, no matter how rough the going, dare not break down and indulge in the blessed relief of tears!

By Maude Cheatham

A good cry has always been woman's way of releasing emotions. Linda Darnell, at left, can weep for a scene in a picture (Columbia's "City without Men") but she practices the chin-up policy in private life. So do the stars on facing page: Barbara Stanwyck, Joan Crawford, Teresa Wright, Marlene Dietrich, Lucille Ball.

CAREER GIRLS

EVERY movie star will tell you there's a long, rough road before success is won. And the first thing to learn is to take it on the chin. Take it, toss your head, laugh it off—for *career girls can't cry!*

Many begin the climb to screen fame but few have the stamina to hurdle the obstacles and win out. Talent alone won't do it. Neither will beauty. It requires determination, a super-perseverance, a bulldog tenacity. I doubt if there is another career that makes as heavy demands.

Bette Davis will tell you most emphatically, that her success is the result of hard work and a rigorous self-discipline. In the beginning, everything was against her: she was self-conscious, her voice was too high, and she lacked beauty. When the stage oracle, Eva La Gallienne, flatly told her, "You'll never make an actress, so don't waste your time," the door seemed to slam on her Magic World. But Bette is made of stern stuff, she doesn't give up. She didn't weep and wail, but with a newly awakened *spunk* and determination, she vowed to show them.

Said Bette, "My greatest luck is having Ruth Davis for my mother. Without her, even with my ambition and persistence, I doubt if I could have reached my goal. She is always back of me, giving me sound advice, and handing out homely platitudes that pop into her mind and help me in crucial moments.

"The day I told her I wanted to become an actress, Mother listened quietly until I was exhausted with my intensity, then said, 'All right, if that is what you want.



CAN'T CRY!

But remember, it is the ripest fruit the birds pick at!'

"These words," continued Bette, "come back to me to face false rumors, disappointments, and the various heartaches this business brings. I say to myself, remember, you are in the public eye and if you don't want to be a target, stay out of the limelight. You knew there was no glory without hard work, and hard knocks. Either put up with it or get out, but for pete's sake, *don't cry!* If you can't master your own emotions how do you expect to become an actress? But be sure you learn from each experience and don't go on making the same mistakes."

Recently, Bette was put to a severe test. She had worked steadily to complete three pictures so as to enjoy a restful vacation at her New Hampshire home. Then, just as she finished "Watch on the Rhine," she was asked to go on a bond tour, and to help put over the Stage Door Canteen in Hollywood. She admits her heart sank. She was very tired, she needed a rest, but she couldn't sit down and cry about it.

"The world is at war," said Bette. "We can't stop to pamper ourselves, and if I can help swell the sale of Victory Bonds to the tune of a few extra millions, that will be better than a dozen vacations."

Joan Crawford's good-looking husband, Philip Terry, and I stood for an hour in the French railway station on the "back lot" at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio, watching Joan and Philip Dorn make a scene for "Reunion." When it was finished (*Please turn to page 68*)

JOAN FONTAINE'S WAR TIME WARDROBE

Lovely Joan, currently starring in 20th Century-Fox's "Jane Eyre," selects her new Spring clothes with special care. Her duties as nurse's aide, in addition to her movie acting, keep her too busy to be coddling an elaborate wardrobe. So, for her advance Spring dinner costume, she chose this long-sleeved dress combining plain and printed fabric. A corsage of the two-toned red roses and green leaves, cut directly from the pattern and padded lightly, is posed on the shoulder of the black crepe bodice to accent the neckline.

Ingenious trimming highlights the best of the new dressy suits, whose lines are as simple as WPB! Joan's black wool, below, has facsimiles of ancient chess pawns embroidered in colors on the front of the brief jacket. The black suede bag has Joan's initials boldly outlined in gold. Tweed ensemble for Spring, at right, has a jacket in which royal blue and leaf green are closely interwoven, and Joan wears it over a tailored frock of paler green. Her knitted turban combines the two colors, and other accessories are brown.





Designed for entertaining at home, this dress chosen by Joan Fontaine has unusual interest because it uses formal materials cut on casual lines. The new length skirt is of brilliant cyclamen crepe scrolled in black paillettes, dotted here and there with vivid green, and topped by a severe, sweater-type bodice of black silk jersey. Joan's only jewelry is a glittering "tree" with leaves of colored stones—a very striking ornamental piece.

Exclusive photos of Miss Fontaine by 20th Century-Fox Studios.





Proof that "double-duty" clothes can be excitingly smart is the ensemble above. The jacket of Scotch plaid wool in scarlet, green and white is worn with the same black duvetyn skirt shown at left. Note the matching plaid evening bag.

If you like to "scramble" jackets and blouses, try to include a flattering evening blouse of pale pink faille, worn at left by Joan to top her black duvetyn evening skirt. This blouse also serves the dressy black wool suit shown on Page 37. Since Joan Fontaine's beauty doesn't "date," she wears with equal poise and charm the period costumes of "Jane Eyre" and the smart and so wearable modern wardrobe we have pictured, exclusively, here.

Paulette Goddard

MEET MIKE O'SHEA!



Edward Michael Patrick Joseph O'Shea, born on St. Patrick's Day, was a bellhop, tobacco planter, band leader, burlesque bit player, and radio actor before Producer Hunt Stromberg picked him out of the Broadway cast of "The Eve of St. Mark" and assigned him to the lead opposite Barbara Stanwyck in "Lady of Burlesque"

His producer claims he's a combination of Cagney and Tracy. We think he's an original, after watching his first scenes with Stanwyck as a wise-cracking but romantic burlesque comedian in screen version of the Gypsy Rose Lee murder mystery.



KING of

Red Skelton rules with a wit of iron the court of beauty in "Du Barry Was A Lady," in which he dreams he is King Louis XV

Red is surrounded by gorgeous gals, including the two at the left resting their tired tootsies after a dancing number: Theo Coffman and Inez Cooper. Red has a different technique, however, with one of those beautiful but dummy girls—see bottom of pages. Window shopping for romance, boulevardier Skelton finds his model woman.





Clowns!

HIS GREATEST RÔLE!

"One of the greatest honors of my life," said Lieut. Clark Gable after his graduation on Jan. 6 from Army Air Forces Flexible Gunnery School at Tyndall Field, Fla., fulfilling an ambition he had expressed when he enlisted in the Army as a private last August. An ace aerial gunner, agreed the men who took the training with the ex-movie idol, and an ideal type to sit at the trigger of a .50 calibre machine gun sending hot lead at enemy aircraft.

Carrying two businesslike belts of machine gun ammunition on his shoulders, Lieut. Clark Gable took all his assignments at Tyndall Field with enthusiasm. Up at daybreak for a full day which progressed from classroom lectures via range firing to manning a machine gun mounted in a turret on a bomber, Lieut. Gable had praise for the AAF training force and for the type of young men taking it. He departed from Tyndall for an unnamed post still anxious for the combat duty he seeks.





From Public Relations Office, Army Air Forces Gunnery School, Tyndall Field, Florida.

ieut. Clark Gable: a closeup aken the day he was graduated rom the Army Air Forces Flexible Gunnery School at Tyndall Field, la. A few pounds off after his ompletion of the intensive train- ng, Lieut. Gable was in top hape when Col. W. A. Max- vell, Commanding Officer of the chool, pinned the silver wings of he gunnery graduate on him.



Number One Girl to keep your eye on in 1943 is blonde Kay Williams, ex-New York advertising model who makes film bow in M-G-M's "Du Barry Was A Lady."

WATCH



Number Three Lovely to look at these coming months is Mary Elliott, left. Spotted a year ago in a restaurant by director Mervyn LeRoy, Mary politely declined a movie contract until she had gained more acting experience. After a year in stock and a road tour in leading rôle of "My Sister Eileen," Mary reported to Hollywood. See her in her first rôle with Judy Garland in "Presenting Lily Mars." Mary, like Kay, is a former New York model.

Number Two Beauty to watch on her way up the ladder of Hollywood fame is Janice Carter, at right, gorgeous recruit from Broadway musical comedies who plays the rôle of a showgirl supporting Barbara Stanwyck in "Lady of Burlesque." Fiction version of film is in our next issue.

THEM!





Brod Crawford gave himself a workout just before joining the Army Air Corps when he offered to be the adagio partner of little Jane Frazee. Crawford's final film for duration is "Keeping Fit," a documentary short. Jane is featured in Universal's new movie, "Rhythm of the Islands."



GLAMOR Gets A Workout!

Movie starlets no longer call in the masseuse to limber them up. They're doing it the hard way—and find to their surprise it's fun. Grace MacDonald, at right and top right on facing page, does acrobatic stunts on the lawn in front of her dressing room at Universal Studios, inspired no doubt by her scenes opposite Charles Boyer in "Flesh and Fantasy."





Anne Gwynne's new picture is "We've Never Been Licked." Certainly Anne's exuberance on skates is proof of her physical fitness. Jane Frazee winds up a tumbling routine with a rousing cartwheel.

"PRIVATE SMITH, U. S. A." Becomes "CORPORAL DAKOTA GREEN" in "STAGE DOOR CANTEEN"

William Terry was an unknow
until he appeared as the leadi
character in the documenta
film, "Private Smith, U. S. A.
Now he's the hero of Sol Lesse
feature, "Stage Door Canteen,
playing the rôle of a young soldi
on his way to foreign servi
who finds glamor and romance
the popular meeting place f
service men right off Broadwa

ENSIGN ROBERT STACK

Bob is doing a grand job in an assignment for which he is eminently prepared. He is instructor in aerial gunnery at a Western Naval Air Station after finishing at head of class at the Pensacola training school.

rtrait by Maurine

SALUTE TO A SAILOR!

By

Ben Maddox

What the Navy has done for and to Hollywood's first sailor, Ken Howell

BEFORE

WHAT'S happened to Hollywood's *first* sailor? Here is the sort of inside Hollywood story that is true. SCREENLAND is proud to reveal it as a tribute to the United States Navy. Because the Navy may turn out to be the making of your own boy-friend, or brother or son, too.

When Ken Howell enlisted away back last Spring as a sailor, with no attempt to rate fancy trimmings or a commission, he deliberately left everything behind him. Nothing but the best luck he's ever known has followed him ever since. He not only went away to "come home" vindicated—for Ken was too full of vitality and curiosity to be anything but a rebel—but exactly as the song went, at last his lonely days are over. He looked for love in vain in Hollywood. Thanks to what the Navy has done to and for him, he's even got the One Girl to return with him when he gets back on the screen.

Take it from me, they can beam at the luncheon tables in the Brown Derbies these days over Ken. The incredible Ken (compared to the other Hollywood young men his age, he is that!) has weathered a series of real-life experiences that make him a runner-up to *Anthony Adverse*—so far as he's gotten to date. Today, fighting for his America, he's still living every moment to the hilt, as vividly as before, but now with a flaming purpose and gratefulness spurring him on.

Don't let his youthful face fool you. He's done more adventuring and romancing than almost any fellow twice his age. You remember Ken as that handsome, blond movie actor who was right on the verge of all that fame Hollywood deals out to the determined. As *Jack,* the eldest son of "The Jones Family," he'd romped through seventeen of those comedy-dramas concerning the typical family-next-door. He was the pivot for their frantic actions, and in the inevitable chase Ken's enthusiastic daring always downed the villains. His screen parents would sigh with relief at the fade-out. "Isn't he cute!" gasped countless impressionable young females throughout the land. The bulk of the fan mail pouring into 20th Century-Fox for the *Joneses* was definitely aimed at Ken.

You can guess that he could have been terribly spoiled. In Hollywood itself Lana Turner, Deanna Durbin and Judy Garland in turn looked, liked, and languished. Ann Rutherford's vivacity snagged her a millionaire beau, but not Ken. Martha O'Driscoll had to go with Stirling Hayden, as second choice. The younger girls about town such as Bonita Granville despaired and plunged elsewhere on the rebound. Anne Shirley said you must come (*Please turn to page 78*)



As the juvenile in the "Jones Family" series, Ken Howell romped through seventeen of those comedy-dramas concerning the typical American family-next-door. He was considered one of Hollywood's most promising young players. Below, in his last picture for the duration, "Scattergood Rides High," which he finished before enlisting in the Navy.



Today Ken Howell is a sailor, and a splendid sample of young American manhood at its finest. One of the first things the Navy did to him was to cut his hair. See picture, center below, with hostess at Navy Reception Center. Directly below, at home on liberty. Bottom of page: Ken training—first phase as a sailor at Boot Camp, San Diego, Cal. Ken is sailor running in front group of three, in first picture; directing fellow sailors in second picture.



AFTER







QUICK CHANGE FACE-SAVING

Three lively ladies who have complexions of very different types, all of them beautiful

By Josephine Felts

THOSE smooth, flawless complexions you see on the screen and frequently off it, are not always from Nature. Some of them, of course, are just plain gifts, but more of them are cultivated by their possessors out of time and care and patience.

All of us start out with lovely skins, maybe because we start out by living on milk; but also because we haven't yet exposed that skin our mothers love



Rita Hayworth has one of those young eye-catching whose complexion seems to glow! "You Were Never lier," you'll agree with the title of this fine Columbia pi



You'll admire Mary Astor's loveliness soon in Warner Brothers' "Three Strangers"; and that very different blonde appeal you know Ann Sothern by will captivate you again in the new M-G-M film, "Three Hearts for Julia."

to touch to all sorts of destructive treatment.

Let's say at once, because it cannot be said too often, that no matter how your complexion looks right now—at this minute—as you are reading—that by giving it regular daily care with the proper cream or creams you can make it look fifty percent better almost immediately. It may still be a long way from looking as you'd like it to. You have to keep at it, but it will look better almost at once.

And now that it's a war time Spring, with clothes and what there is of fashion going in for that slick and uncomplicated look, a smooth, uncomplicated skin is more important than ever.

You may be going to wear your last year's hat. Good for you! It is the face under it that counts and that is pretty much up to you. Restyle that complexion of yours.

Make it suitable to wear with the trimness of the new, tailored air in clothes. You should, and can have a lovely complexion, one that suits you beautifully!

You will want to give it intelligent daily care, first to keep it as sweet as it is. Then, you will want to repair any damage that has been done by carelessness in the past by wrong things done or just by the ticking off of minutes by the clock. Then, you will want to know what to avoid doing.

The clear young skin, such as Rita Hayworth's, needs just a little attention to keep it lovely. But it needs that attention regularly. You may want to experiment to find exactly the cream for you. Perhaps it will be a cold cream; perhaps one of those all-purpose creams that you find soften and smooth your skin at the same time that they keep it clean; ones that, in addition, help smooth out any fine lines before they have a chance to become permanent. Some one-cream girls even use their pet cream for a very light foundation before powder but you will find, we think, that it pays to have a foundation cream for this special purpose.

These "Twenty-ish skins," such as Rita's or Ann Sothern's can, in strict economy, get along with a minimum of creams. But this means more care than ordinarily must be used in choosing them.

The word lanolin crops up more and more frequently today as an ingredient in the making of creams. This is the substance which seems to have an uncanny way of "smoothing" the skin. Some people think it penetrates the pores, others that it softens the surface skin only. Whatever it does the effect is the same: a smoother, softer look.

If your skin is inclined to be dry it is more in need of a cleansing cream with this precious smoothing quality than the young skin inclined to be oily. A liquefying cream for cleansing does the job well for the oily skin. Both types are available, and the well-trained sales girl in your favorite drug or department store can help you make your selection.

The over-thirty complexion needs more care. And don't let the lovely old lady of eighty-six with the perfect skin who "never put anything on it" fool you! There are such skins just as there are people who live to be one hundred and three, but they are not usual.

Cleansing cream of course is basic, for beauty is built on cleanliness; but there are other essential creams. Every "over-thirty" skin needs one of these specially made rich creams to guard against the wrinkles into which laughter lines grow.

Speaking of laughter lines and the delicate area around the eyes—there are eye creams made with just this in mind. These are unusually very rich and very pure creams, highly concentrated, unperfumed, put up in small jars. Use them only around the eyes, for economy's sake.

In addition to smoothing down, the "over-thirty" skin needs pepping up. This should be done by using a stimulating lotion or a stimulating cream. If a stimulating cream is your choice spread it on in a thin film, and if it smarts and tingles a bit, that's fine! This tingling means it is doing the job it is supposed to do on your skin. Be careful to avoid coming close to your eyes with it. A good idea is to spread on your eye cream before using the stimulating one. This keeps the stimulating cream away from the sensitive area.

Another type of cream whose importance is being more and more recognized is the foundation cream. The point to remember about it is that it is so much more than just a foundation for powder. True, it makes your make-up last longer, go on smoother, look better; but it actually protects your skin. The best foundation creams

(Please turn to page 69)

GUIDE TO GLAMOR

For that winning smooth look, choose all your beauty accessories with forethought and care



Revlon turns match-maker with clever lipstick and nail polish ensembles.

WHAT is it about a girl's hands that makes them such a barometer of morale? Perhaps it is that they are right under our eyes all the time. You can't really get out of sight of them, unless of course you keep your hands behind you or sit on them, which slows things up considerably.

THAT is why these days when we need to keep our spirits up, a manicure with good polish, the kind that stays by without needing to be renewed too often, assumes such importance. Hands should always look well-groomed and tidy.

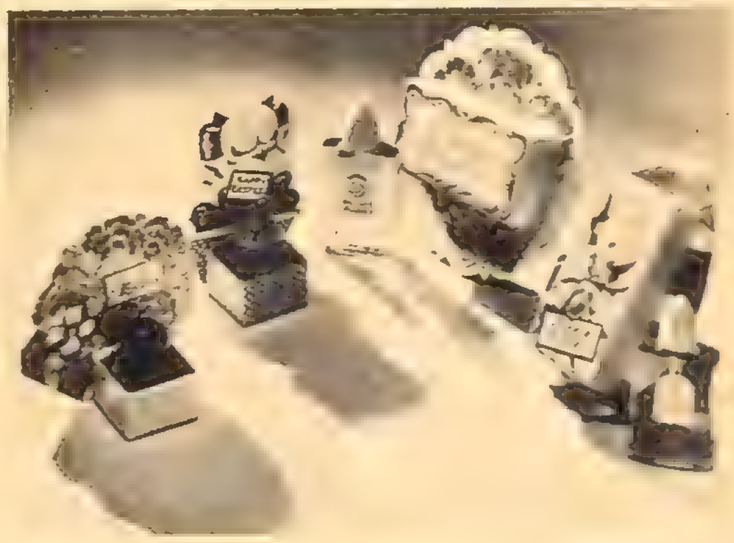
A TRICK of the moment, beloved of the stars, is the matching of lips and fingertips; and to take the gamble out of it, Revlon has attractive plastic case lipsticks to match its smartest shades. The color to see is Revlon's superb Mrs. Miniver Rose, a full-blown rose-red to make hands appear whiter, lovelier than they have ever been. More conservative is another popular Revlon shade, Windsor, delicate as baby ribbon. For evening sophistication try Raven Red, a rich, black-red that sparkles like rubies on your fingertips. And remember, if you want that smooth as silk look, always match your lipstick and nail polish.



"Jergens Twin Make-up" is a neat new trick with powder and make-up cake.

PICTURED below is Jergens Twin Make-up, the exciting new velvet make-up cake with matching face-powder! This is the beauty news from the makers of the famous Jergens Lotion. It is a combination package containing a Velvet Make-up cake fitted snugly into the top of Jergens Face Powder. You may select your own powder shade from five fashion-right skin tones.

LIGHTLY sponged on, Velvet Make-up cake leaves the skin looking smoother



Advance suggestions for Easter and Mother's Day shown by Irresistible.

because it helps hide tiny blemishes. Followed by a filmy dusting of face powder in a shade specially blended to harmonize with the make-up cake, it gives the face a dewy freshness. It is not only a protection against dust and grime but all day make-up insurance you'll be very glad to have.

NOW, that we have Spring on our minds with Easter and Mother's Day looming up in the foreground, it is time to lay plans for amusing little presents to send as greetings these special days. You want to make a choice, of course, and Irresistible has an exciting array of gay packages to select from. For Easter both Blue Waltz and Irresistible perfume have bunnies on the yellow and green packages. For Mother's Day the design is a lacy frou-frou one, red, blue and white with carnations. It is really quite charming. She'll like the fragrance and it will serve as a reminder of your thoughtfulness for her, long after the anniversary is past.

HERE'S HOLLYWOOD

Gossip by Weston East

MARK my words, there are going to be romance rumors about Ann Sheridan and Earl Oxford. The singer is touring in "This Is The Army," the government-sponsored show soon to be filmed on the Warner lot. Before induction Earl did a turn in Ann's personal appearance act. They became great friends. Nothing more. So of course she'll be seeing a lot of him in Hollywood.

KINDA cute gag Walter Huston pulled on the "Mission to Moscow" set. He's so proud of his director-son (and so is Olivia de Havilland) instead of his own name on his set chair, Walter had them paint, "John Huston's Father."

PRACTICALLY every producer in town has a job waiting for Frances Farmer, as soon as she recovers from her illness. Not in years has anything touched Hollywood as much as the plight of the fabulous Frances. Only a very sick girl could have behaved in such fashion. Literally thousands of letters have poured in from loyal fans. Such devotion will do more than even medicine toward restoring Frances to her rightful place again.

Candids by Jean Duval

IT ISN'T always the rehearsed acts that go over the best. Recently, Ann Sothern made a personal appearance at one of the nearby Army camps. As she made her entrance her flimsy net dress caught on a nail and partly tore away from the belt. Ann stood there helpless. Then quite calmly two soldiers walked out from the wings, whipped out their sewing kits and proceeded to repair the damage. Of course the place went mad. Ann's delight and embarrassment only added to the humor of the occasion.

IRENE DUNNE was too much of a lady to say anything, but she had a good laugh all by herself. As you know, Irene is now one of M-G-M's big stars. Years ago she made one movie on the lot, "The Secret of Madame Blanche." They were nice to her, but no one exactly rolled out the red carpet. When she signed her contract this time, one of the top producers said: "This is the first time you've ever been on this lot and we want you to love it every moment. If there's anything you want or need, just ask for it because we want you to be happy too." She who laughs last couldn't have been more amused.

The newlyweds—Ginger Rogers and Marine Corps Pvt. Jack Briggs—at Ciro's, above. Below, Janet Blair, who *really* can sing, clowns it up a bit in prima donna style, while Herbert Marshall plays the piano.





Randolph Scott greets a friend at another table at Ciro's, above, but his companion, Pat Stillman, has eyes for only handsome Randy. Right above, despite those rumors, the Robert Taylors (Barbara Stanwyck) are still seen together at popular night spots. Bob's beard is for his "Bataan Patrol" rôle.

THE Bob Hopes recently spent an evening at the Ray Millands'. When it came time to leave, Mrs. Hope went upstairs to get her coat. As she came down, she caught her heel and fell all the way to the bottom. Bob, sitting at the gin rummy table with Ray, looked down at his wife (who wasn't hurt), went right on playing as he casually cracked, "She'll do *anything* for a laugh!"

NEVER let it be said that Ann Sheridan is at a loss for an answer. The newspaper men gave her an awful session, despite her denials that Errol Flynn is nothing more than a friend. Just before she got off the plane that brought her back from Mexico, Ann developed a stiff neck. A typical reporter, with typical questions about Errol, met Ann as she got off. She was nice to him but he persisted. Finally he asked, "How did you get that stiff neck?" "From looking out the plane window," cracked Ann, "trying to find Errol!"

RED SKELTON [illegible] car to you) are driving 'em nuts out at M-G-M. Red drives it through buildings, on sound stages, into dressing rooms. While doing a scene for "I Dood it," Red threw a canvas over the car and left it standing nearby. When he wasn't looking, the boys removed the car and substituted a group of old boxes. Then they took hammers and began pounding away through the canvas. Next they squirted it with a fire hose. Poor Red almost lost his mind, before he could get to them and put a stop to the destruction. Red *really* turned red when he discovered it was a gag.

TERESA WRIGHT got married before Eddie Albert could wangle an introduction. He was about to meet Nancy Coleman at long last and then the Army called him. Nancy was really disappointed. Especially since (despite those silly columnists' stories) she's only been out with Charlie Chaplin once in her life. Despite personal press agentry, Nancy isn't engaged to Tonio Selwart either. So step right this way, gentlemen. Nancy is still heart-whole and fancy-free. It couldn't happen to anyone sweeter.

THE romance between Hedy Lamarr and Orson Welles lasted just long enough to get a feeble start. They say Orson got annoyed at Hedy arriving in time for dessert, when they had dinner dates. Which usually was followed by Hedy wanting to go home long before midnight. Well, Orson doesn't look very unhappy. And Hedy and John Loder have really gotten off to a fine start. They met at the Hollywood Canteen. John isn't a "genius" (much to Hedy's relief). But John is quiet, kindly and well-mannered. John has a little girl and Hedy adores her. Hedy's little boy thinks John is plenty special. So all's well that ends without Welles!

ISN'T Marlene's daughter starting out rather early, pulling publicity stunts on herself? Recently, Maria announced her engagement to Richard Haydn, the inimitable *Professor Carp* of radio fame. Maria is eighteen, Dickie almost twice her age. He still has to return to England and serve his country. When the news broke in the daily papers, Hollywood yawned politely and turned to *Dagwood* and *Blondie*. Wonder how Marlene would like having a son-in-law who impersonates fish?





Left, lovely Ann Miller at Ciro's with one of Hollywood's "most eligible"—Blake Garner. Right, Lou Costello, Jr., is christened. From left: Pat Costello, Lou Sr.'s brother and stand-in, Mrs. Abbott and Bud, Father Joseph Burbage, Mrs. Lou Costello and pappy Lou.

Stars of radio and screen took part in show for U. S. troops. Left, Red Skelton doing his bit, while Dinah Shore and Ginny Simms wait their turn. Right, Bud Abbott watches as Judy Garland fixes Lou Costello's tie. Too bad about Judy's separation from Dave Rose.





...ore had fun
...to gagsters
...nd Kyser
...ey waited
...eir bit at
...mand Per-
...for our
...ys ...rseas. Kay
...arned Bob not to
...eal his best jokes
—Bob told Kay he
wouldn't because all
his gags were *Hope-*
lessly stale, anyway.



...gnes Moorehead,
...imes Cagney and
...ohn Farrow, Lt.
Commander of the
British Navy, accept-
ing the New York
Film Critics' Awards
—Miss Moorehead
for her rôle in "The
Magnificent Amber-
sons," Cagney for his
"Yankee Doodle
Dandy," and Farrow
for "Wake Island."



The Andrews Sisters (Laverne, Patti and Maxine) gang up on Bob Hope—don't feel sorry for him, he loves it—at the Command Performance for our troops which was made up of top Hollywood and radio talent. The girls' songs and Bob's gags were short-waved abroad.



A lucky guy—that's what agent Henry Wilson is. His job is to "keep an eye on" and escort that gorgeous creature, Alexis Smith, to all the social gatherings. Alexis is the girl friend of his ex-client, Craig Stevens, who is now in the service. Did you say "nice work"?

WHEN John Huston arrived back in Hollywood unexpectedly, Olivia de Havilland couldn't contain herself. Then, when John presented her with a wonderful Airedale named "Shadrack," Livvy went balmy. Her pet, the first she has ever owned, completely rules her life. She won't accept dinner dates because she has to rush home to feed him.

WHEN Warner Bros. learned that Louis Hayward would be home for a week's furlough, they arranged for Ida Lupino to have the time off. So Ida and Louis had a glorious time together. He's expecting overseas duty soon, so their goodbye wasn't too happy. A last request from Louis asked to have his name eliminated from all future copy. He feels he's a soldier now and as such, deserves no more publicity than any of the other boys wearing Uncle Sam's colors.

HOLLYWOOD certainly has changed since B.G.R. (before gas rationing). Paul Henreid and his wife travel around on de luxe scooters. They get fifty miles to the gallon. Most humorous sight of all is the George Murphys skating to their Beverly Hills market. Believe it or not, their skates have red stop lights attached to each heel. Even the dignified Ronnie Colman drives an Austin. So does Laird Cregar, and as Jack Oakie says, "On Laird it fits very well!"

DON'T you love the one about Fred Allen asking Peter Lorre who his best friends in Hollywood are? "Oh, I go around with Boris Karloff, and Bela Lugosi," answered Peter nonchalantly. Then Fred wanted to know what they did with their time. "We work for the Red Cross," said Peter, "we give them ten quarts of blood a day." Fred couldn't have been more impressed. "But isn't that impossible?" he cried. "Why, you couldn't live and give ten quarts of blood a day!" "But you don't understand," answered Peter quietly. "We don't give *our* blood!"

RANDY SCOTT is over the 38 age limit, so he won't be called for active service. But Randy is doing his share just the same. On his huge ranch that adjoins the Fred Astaire ranch, Randy is raising beef. He intends turning it all over to the government. Hollywood only sees him when he has a picture to do. Fred Astaire is raising sheep. He and Randy are planning to build a huge refrigerating plant together. Yes, Freddie's lambies will be turned over to the government too.

SHE denies it firmly, but her Victorville observers are sure that Priscilla Lane is going to have a baby. Pat hasn't been well. So she moved into Yucca Loma, Gwen Behr's charming ranch where Pat first met John Barry. Incidentally, John still lives there and Pat does a magnificent job of *not* seeing him, when their paths happen to cross. It's rather amusing to John, who has a new heart interest and long ago forgot that he and Pat were supposed to have found the perfect romance. More later about Pat. Remember we warned you.

VISITOR of the month: You should have seen the Hollywood stars stand in awe, when a luncheon was given for Sister Kenny. This great woman's method is the wonderful cure for infantile paralysis. A picture of her life will star Rosalind Russel. When Roz made a nice little speech and presented Sister Kenny with the Distinguished Service Medal from the local chapter of the Infantile Paralysis Foundation, for once La Russell stumbled for words. She was *that* touched.



BARBARA IS ROMANTICALLY LOVELY with her wide-apart eyes, serenely parted hair and white, flower-like skin—but she's also *today's* American girl, energetically at work 6 days a week in a big war plant!



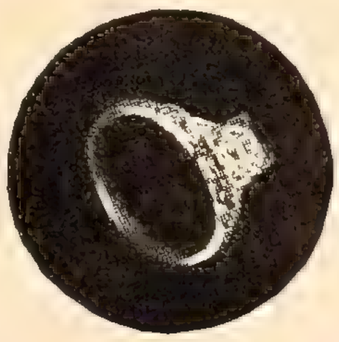
LUNCH-BOX INSPECTION at gate of the plant where Barbara works as a calibrator on sensitive instruments. She is wearing the blue coverall and safety snood designed for the employees. "We love the outfit," she says. The saucy blue snood is mighty becoming to her bright, soft-smooth face.



"*MY SKIN* needs special care these days. Snowy-soft Pond's is my *favorite* cleansing Cream," says Barbara.

SHE'S ENGAGED!

She's Lovely! She uses Pond's!



BARBARA'S RING—is charmingly feminine, a sparkling solitaire set with a small diamond either side, in a delicately engraved platinum band.

BARBARA SHEETS, captivating young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Sheets, is engaged to Joseph V. Mellor—uniting two well-known Long Island families.

"Joe expects to be in the Army very soon," Barbara says, "so I'm more than ever glad I have a war-production job to do."

Even though she works hard for long hours—she finds time to keep pretty. As Barbara says, "When you get up at 6 a.m. and work all day with only ½ hour for lunch—your face deserves a little pampering. And—it's *lovely* how a Pond's Cold Creaming makes tired skin feel."

She slips Pond's over her face and throat and gently pats to soften and release dirt and make-up. Then tissues off well. "Rinses" with a second Pond's creaming. Tissues it off again. This *every* night without fail—and "for daytime slick-me-ups, too," she says.

Use this lovely *soft-smooth* cream yourself. You'll see why war-busy society leaders like Mrs. John Jacob Astor and Mrs. William F. Dick use it—why more women and girls use Pond's than any other face cream. All sizes are popular in price . . . at beauty counters everywhere. Ask for the larger sizes—you get even more for your money.

Yes—it's no accident so many lovely engaged girls use Pond's!

Betty Davis' Challenge To American Women

Continued from page 25

ill-health, let's face it, is sometimes used by neurotic women as an excuse for conducting their lives as they did before Pearl Harbor. It can't be done. Besides, if the desire is there, you can go beyond your physical strength. True, you may and probably will shorten your life by five to ten years. Could be! And too bad. But the lives of thousands of boys are ending in their twenties. You must be in very bad shape indeed in order to be able to shirk and still maintain what our allies, the Chinese, call 'face.'"

Bette Davis ought to know. She has the right, none more so, to berate women who slack, alibi themselves, pull their "cozy little lives" over their heads like eiderdowns. For the schedule of fair-skinned, 108-pound, three-job Miss Davis would put a Spartan woman in a rest home!

To list the things she finds time and energ to do is, in itself, a formidable task. Let's take one of her leisure days—mark you, a *leisure* day. (Which means when she is not in production; when she is, the studio would tell you, "resting.") It begins at 7 A. M. with breakfast in bed, her one concession to her personal comfort and health. Immediately her tray is removed, she gets her mail and daily calendar from her desk. There are a thousand and one requests for financial assistance. There are invitations to fly to Fredericksburg, Va., to open the Dog Show, to Florida to open the Flower Show. There are reminders of various civic matters in which she participates. The most pressing letters Miss Davis answers herself, sets aside others which can be handled by her secretary. She then maps out her day, each hour, half hour with its appointed task.

With the very big business of her career to be carried on, the multiplicity of detail to which she attends, the "little things" she does not neglect are downright astounding. "Call Kempy, have her call Gladys Hall" is an item on her calendar. Kempy being a maid Bette tried to get for your reporter. "Call Mary Quirk about tests." Mary Quirk is a girl with movie ambitions in whom Bette took an interest and for whom she arranged a screen test. When the test failed to bring results, Bette had it run for her, realized the girl's hair had not been properly done nor the right make-up used, saw to it that another test was given. Quite a few people start things; not so many follow through. Bette is a starter-of-er and a follow-through-er. Another item, "Talk to Wanger about statuettes." Translated, it means that in Springfield, Mo., where she stopped on her recent bond tour, a most beautiful wooden statuette was given her by a local wood-carver. Inscribed, "Your Third Oscar —and Thanks for the Bond Drive." Bette was touched, impressed by the workmanship —and got an idea. Since brass should not, because of priorities, be used for this year's Oscars, why not use wooden ones in their place? "Call Wanger" was her reminder to herself to check the idea with President of the Academy Walter Wanger. "Family for dinner" reads another item. In the thick of her prodigious activities, Bette does not neglect family. Nor has "Farney" (her husband, Arthur Farnsworth) ever been known to complain of the way his home is run. For before her day's appointments begin, Bette takes time to go over the menu with her cook, gives gardener his instructions.

Mail attended to and the day planned, Miss D. allots an hour to the telephone. Everything that can be disposed of on the phone *is*, and duly crossed off the list.

Appointments begin at ten. They include conferences at the studio, with her producers, with her director. There is usually an interview at noon, perhaps two or three others spotted throughout the day. There are costume fittings for her next picture (you ARE bearing in mind, are you not, that this is a "leisure" day?). There are photographic sittings to be made, or okayed. And there is, morning, noon and night, the business of the Hollywood Canteen which Miss Davis, with John Garfield as her first lieutenant, conceived, organized and launched.

So much for the days when she is not "shooting." But she almost always *is* shooting. On the first of last February, she started "Now, Voyager." "Watch On The Rhine" followed almost immediately. "Old Acquaintance," almost as immediately, followed "Watch On The Rhine." A conscientious craftsman, Bette studies her scripts, develops her characterizations, works them out to the last gesture and mannerism. She really "sculpts" a performance with heart and hand and brain. Yet at some time between these pictures, she did a bond tour. And in addition, the Canteen!

Facts and figures may bore you. If so, sorry. But there is no better way to tell you of the labors in which, also with heart and hands and brain, Miss Davis is involved than to say that during the first month of the Canteen's existence, the boys in our armed forces packed away 4000 loaves of bread, 50,000 half pints of milk, 400 pounds of butter, 1500 pounds of coffee, 1000 pounds of cheese, 2500 pounds of meat, 70,000 oranges, 30,000 gallons of orange juice, 75,000 packs of cigarettes, 100,000 pieces of cake, more than 150,000 sandwiches with the prerequisites of pickles, relish and mayonnaise in large quantities.

There is food to be gotten. Someone has to see to it that the provisions, donated though they are, and generously, come in steadily and in sufficient quantity. There must be entertainment for the men. Music and dancing is what they want, what they get. The big name bands, Kay Kyser, Tommy Dorsey, Duke Ellington, Rudy Vallee and others, millions of dollars' worth of hot rhythm is donated *by* the big names. But, after all, they can't stroll in at odd hours. Programs and dates must be arranged.

Important, too, that such songbirds and masters of ceremony as Dinah Shore, Betty Hutton, Ginny Simms, Bob Hope, Eddie Cantor and their illustrious ilk are on hand to perform with the bands.

There must be girls for the boys to dance with. There are. Girls the boys can't themselves believe they hold to their palpitant hearts: Olivia de Havilland, Betty Grable, Ann Sothern, Deanna Durbin, Greer Garson, Ann Sheridan, Lana Turner, Alexis Smith, Carole Landis, Gene Tierney, Marlene Dietrich, Rita Hayworth, Joan Leslie. ("*This* is worth dying for," one of the boys remarked, fresh out of Lana Turner's arms!)

There was the initial job of providing a home for the Canteen. The building to be found. An abandoned old thing, dilapidated, which had to be completely rebuilt and refurnished. How? The Unions and Guilds, forty-two of them, did this. Bette as President is a sort of jack-of-all-trades. Bus boys to be gotten, Humphrey Bogart, Raymond Massey, Cesar Romero, John Garfield, Basil Rathbone, Gig Young, Spencer Tracy, Glenn Anders, Dennis Morgan and others of the bright brotherhood do their bits.

There was the matter of choosing the right people to head the different departments. The matter of watching and seeing that everything is kept spotlessly clean. At all times Bette has the responsibilities of general hostess. You know what can happen when *any* group of people gather under one roof to serve a common cause! Keeping everyone happy and in harmony, seeing that credits and honors are divided evenly—more Davis responsibilities.

It is up to Bette to keep enthusiasm for the Canteen running high, in addition to her regular duties—going down to the Canteen and doing whatever else is needed while she is there. Once she even took over the check room, when the girl on duty failed to show up. All has to be managed diplomatically—intelligently—speedily. The Canteen can *never* be off Bette Davis' mind.

"Gee, you seldom see her," a young Marine told me, "but you sort of feel that she's around, everywhere."

And the laborers, plumbers, carpenters, upholsterers, electricians, studio artists and cartoonists, grips — Bette knows them by name and calls them Joe and Jake and John. To them she is their "boss lady"—genuine proof and appreciation for what she's done.

How does she do it? How in the name of time, which is said to have its limitations, does she DO it?

"So many people," Bette laughed, when I pressed the question, "spend so much time saying 'I haven't got time' when they do what they say they haven't time to do in the time they are saying they haven't time.

"Another point to remember is that things never, somehow, take as much time as you think they will. Recently, I was rather upset about the way things were going at home. I'd been walking in and out of the house for weeks without giving it its usual attention. I'd been away on a bond tour. I called the servants in and, in ten minutes, got it all straightened out and functioning smoothly again. There are lots of little things, the kind of things we put off for days, thinking, 'I just haven't time.' Such as, in my case, autographing pictures, putting them in envelopes for mailing. Again, it actually takes ten minutes when I stop wondering, 'Will I have the time?' and TAKE the time. It's silly to go around looking a rag, whining, 'I haven't even time to put on make-up' when to put on make-up takes, by actual count, six minutes. You can take an hour off for legitimate shopping, for necessary manicures and shampoos. Discipline the old boy, Time, and he extends himself, amazingly.

"But what it all amounts to, really, is desire. 'How on earth do you read so many books?' I am often asked. The answer is 'Because I want to.' I've noticed, haven't you, that if women want to get their figures down to certain measurements, they will, they do. If a woman wants to attract a certain man, she does it. Once we have the desire, we have time whipped.

"There are tricks and short-cuts, of course. For example, people don't write things down enough. It is astonishing what you can do if you make lists or memos. Not long ago, I messed up two dates completely. They were the ones I hadn't listed. If you are a very busy person, the one thing you do NOT have time for is remembering. You don't need to. Give your memory First Aid by making lists. Cross things off as you do them and you will be amazed at what can be done.

"To cut your life into departments, as they do with school periods, is a tremendous help. You can't do everything at once, no one can. And if you try, hopeless confusion results. I've licked that. I departmentalize my life from dawn to dark. For instance, when I am here at the studio I don't have

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to be thinking wildly, 'Gad, I should be doing so-and-so at home!' because what I had to do at home is done. And vice versa.

"One of the busiest men I know, a tycoon in the business world, a man of huge enterprises, has never been known to say 'I haven't time.' He has his life organized.

"Bob Hope is doing one of the greatest war-effort jobs of anyone in the picture industry. When I asked him, shortly before the Canteen opened, whether he would be Honorary Chairman of the Entertainment Committee and added, knowing that his activities are those of ten men in one, 'We won't ask you to do a thing,' he did first radio broadcast of the season from the Canteen. *He's got time.* He is a perfect example of what I am talking about.

"It is, I can't possibly repeat it often enough, the desire. It is, also, the ability to forget our precious selves.

"Millions of women in this country today could be doing more than they are doing, but—*they have got to change their way of living.* They must, for one thing, give up their social life. But literally. For that IS the straw that would break the camel's back. If you take on this kind of a program, war work plus your other job, or jobs, you must try to get to bed by ten (I do); you can't mix parties and drinking; you simply cannot plan a regular social or even a regular home life. My husband and I, it seems to me, haven't seen each other for months. Between his business and mine, evenings alone, which I love, sitting down and chinning over a couple of drinks, discussing books, OUT! Two things I also love, swimming and riding my horse—I haven't been on my horse for months and the surface of the pool has long been unruffled. Butternut, my farm in New Hampshire which everyone knows is my life, I've completely given up this year. I can SMELL it, but I don't know when I'll get there again. And pretty selfish of me now, it would be, to greatly care.

"Small things, these, to give up. Too small to mention, really. I do so only to make examples of what I mean; that we MUST give up the things we like to do, the things we were accustomed to do, and to have. Because our war is not right here, because the bombs are not actually dropping, many women are wrapped in a false and—sorry, but I must say it—damnably selfish sense of security. It is so minor, what we are doing here, compared to what women, in other countries, are having to do.

At that, Hollywood, I am proud to say, is doing more than any place in the country. The majority of girls and women here are reversing their lives more completely than women in other places. Girls accustomed to riding in limousines are going to the Canteens in busses. Long trips, many of them; not enough seats, often. Girls who have done nothing with their hands for years are washing dishes, emptying garbage pails, scrubbing, carrying trays, doubling in brass by stepping from the kitchen sink to the Canteen stage, to give out with a song and dance. Marlene Dietrich has been wonderful, she really works with her hands. Mary Gordon down there, scrubbing around, is something to see and to admire. I could pay such tributes by the dozen.

"There are three women with us in the Canteen who have lost their sons. They haven't lost their spirit of service.

"The day after the funeral of her son, Don, who died in the line of duty, Mrs. Joe E. Brown was at the Canteen, on schedule, making sandwiches from three to nine. 'You're terrific' was all I could manage to say to her. 'We're glad you're here.' I'm afraid I had tears in my eyes when I said it. *She didn't.*

"It renews your faith in human nature when things like that, big things, happen.

"You think, your heart thumping, 'Stuff in us, after all!"

Everybody's Daughter

Continued from page 22

Diana, who up to that time had been the sweetest little thing in 'teen-age clothes around the Paramount lot, registered what is known as a "smash hit" in the movie racket with such a boom that the great Preston Sturges said: "I want that little lassie for my next picture."

It so happened that Diana had meanwhile been established in the *Aldrich* series (this one being "Henry Aldrich Gets Glamor") as *Henry's* girl friend, taking the place vacated first by Mary Anderson who went on to Broadway and then by Rita Quigley, who wasn't available. Paramount was about to start another *Aldrich* opus, but the Sturges chance was so swell for a girl whom the studio decided was going to be one of its next big stars, that Sturges was told: "She's yours, sir."

What happened to that *Aldrich* film? Well, it was postponed—the whole kaboodle—just so Diana could be in the Sturges film. Since this all happened before "The Major and the Minor" was released, Diana became the first girl who, without being seen on the screen, had a whole picture set back all for her sake.

So Diana went into "The Miracle of Morgan's Creek." Yep, as a little sister. Betty Hutton's this time. And she's typically li'l sisterish. And what can that be? Well, ask anyone you meet. Everyone has a little sister—excepting, maybe, a little sister. The answer: "Aw, they know too much!"

That's Diana in the Sturges picture. She is fresh and world-wise. Outspoken and ready to give advice at the drop of an interrogation point. You might call her brash.

But, at home and around the Paramount lot, Diana is anything but that. She never puts a fresh or blunt phrase forward. In fact, she's of the quiet type. And you'd think she was her worst critic. When some of the boys in the publicity department pointed out that she certainly had copped the reviews on "The Major and the Minor," she replied, quietly, "I read them. They were good, but I don't know why."

Right after Miss Lynn made her big click in this Rogers-Milland movie, when the front office fellows knew she was going to create a sensation after the film came out, the press department hustled the youngster into a portrait gallery. Glamor portraits were to be made. She received careful ministrations by experts in coiffure, make-up and wardrobe.

The next day, elated portraiteurs lured Diana in to see the finished products. She stared, blank-faced, at the array of lovely pictures before her. Someone asked, "Don't you like 'em?" Diana shook her head. "They're much too pretty."

Which is why Hollywood is betting today that this little girl isn't ever going Hollywood. To the folks on movieland's inside, Diana is "Everybody's Daughter," meaning that she's the sort of sweet, unspoiled little girl every dad and mother is proud to have.

The movie business is all one big land of mystery to Diana. She doesn't know the language of the business, nor the tricks of the trade because she never grew up in the show business—even though she's Los Angeles born and "reared." Nor did Diana ever seek a movie career. The movies sought her.

You see, this little girl was in a picture once before. She was Dolly Loehr then, and you'll doubtless remember her.

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The film was "There's Magic in Music," and Dolly created no furore outside of giving Paramount executives the idea that perhaps she might develop into something worthwhile some day. She was sweet and pretty and she could certainly play the piano.

Playing a piano was what got her into that movie. If mothers want an example to point to when daughter starts grumbling about why to keep practicing music lessons, Diana Lynn is it. Her mother is a concert pianist and teacher. Diana, naturally, was put to playing the piano almost before she could read and write. She really loved music, spent six or more hours a day at the instrument.

Eventually, the girl joined the Los Angeles Junior Symphony Orchestra when it was first formed. She was eleven at the time, became the pianist. When Paramount planned "There's Magic in Music," A Susanna Foster-Allan Jones starrer about the Interlochen (Mich.) Summer Camp Project for juvenile musicians, talent scouts went to this junior symphony for young musical geniuses.

There wasn't, at first, any rôle for a pianist, but, when one of the young girl violinists was asked to audition at Paramount, Diana, being a helpful child of thirteen, offered to go along and accompany. After the violin playing, someone asked Diana to play something on the piano. She did—then four weeks went by without anything happening.

The studio then called Diana, said there might be a part for a pianist. Could she brush up on the Greig Concerto? Diana never batted an eye. She said she could. Her mother, hearing of her daughter's affirmative reply, was aghast. The concerto was too much for one so young. But Diana went to work. Paramount had given her two weeks. At the end of one week, Diana telephoned she knew the piece.

"Knew it" was right! She played the whole thing from memory. Amazed, the studio set her at once for the picture. Her part was built up. Then came a contract.

To whip up interest in this picture, Paramount sent Susanna and Diana (then Dolly) on a tour of the country. Until this trip, Diana had never been on a train, never East of Yosemite National Park. Back home, Diana went into training for future film rôles. The training ended when she got her "The Major and the Minor" rôle. With that, she got her new name. Reason: Dolly too childish for a future adult star; Loehr too hard to pronounce or spell correctly.

That's the story of Diana Lynn to date. Her career story is just beginning. Her part in "The Miracle of Morgan's Creek" is, in movie parlance, "fat." What she was in the Rogers-Milland film, she's more of in the Sturges story. She'll probably go ringing down the corridors of filmland as the freshest little sister in movie history.

Just don't let all that impishness and know-it-all attitude fool you, though. She's every inch "Everybody's Daughter." And like all good little daughters, she's planning to go to college. What's she going to major in? You guessed it—music.

Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 17

Place on each square 2 or 3 oysters, with small piece of butter. Bring four corners of the paste together and fasten with toothpick, leaving crust open between the points. Put in biscuit pan and bake in quick oven.

Anna Lee is an enthusiastic home-maker. "I've 'done over' three houses since I've been married," she confided.

This one is a stately white Colonial house with evergreen trees in front and rare white birches in back. When she bought it, she fell in love with its beautiful exterior, but the inside depressed her, it was so dark and forbidding.

"First I had all the walls and woodwork painted white; then I went in for white carpets and rugs and white or pastel upholstered furniture. I've always adored white—one of my London houses had a white bedroom that I've transported here, and in spite of huge cleaning bills I loved it," she told me.

She changed the dark mantel and fireplace in the big living room to gleaming white, and chose pale turquoise, soft greens and yellows in the furnishings. But the sunroom is the pride of her heart.

"When I first saw it, I thought: 'Horrors, I shall have to use this for a storeroom. It's quite impossible!'" said Anna Lee, "but after I'd thought it over, I suddenly had an inspiration. The floor was of cement. I covered it with a string rug, very heavy and deep. The rug comes from Casablanca, and I was fortunate to get it, it's so *right*. The three walls that are all windows looked ugly and glaring. I discovered some material that is used to back wallpaper and is limp and uninteresting in its normal state. This I had stiffened with an oil preparation, stenciled in a lovely pattern of green bamboo and made into curtains for the entire wall space. In the moonlight, to come into the room is like coming into a bamboo grove."

The furniture is bamboo, upholstered in soft greens, and the lamps are made of glass blocks with parchment shades.

Mahogany shines darkly in the great white dining room, where the quaint corner cupboards hold our hostess' collection of china pieces from ancient English inns.

A white stairway leads from the entrance hall to the square hall above, from which open most of the bedrooms.

The transported white bedroom is a vast apartment carpeted in white, like the rest of the house, instead of the mushroom that lined the London floors. The white satin bed,. rimmed in blue, is duplicated for Anna's small daughter, Venetia.

"This used to be my study, but Venetia begged for it. She feels she should graduate from the nursery now that Carolyn is nine months old," commented the mother of the three-year-old Venetia.

The nurseries include a second-floor, screened-in but roofless balcony where the children can take their sunbaths, or play. Venetia has a small teepee there, Indians being her current interest. Carolyn is a little young to discuss her hobbies, but she's a sturdy, dark-eyed small person, a bit scant of hair, which makes her look like a boy, great contrast to the dainty Dresden-shepherdess Venetia.

When groups of intimate friends go to Anna Lee's house, conversation and music are likely to be the entertainment. She and her director-husband, Robert Stevenson, are not avid players of card games, don't know how to play gin rummy, and avoid bridge. Now and then, with larger parties, Anna Lee has a variety of parlor games.



Will you do without an evening gown today for a wedding dress tomorrow?

THAT'S a gorgeous evening gown you're thinking of buying. It's so gay and glamorous—and what a flattering neck line! It's YOU.

But who's going to see you wear it—if America should lose the war?

Not that soldier you kissed goodbye in a mist of tears! He's not going to see it until it's years out of style if America should lose the war.

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Dana Andrews' Design for Living

Continued from page 27

really had a home. My father was a minister and we moved around a lot. So the first thing Mary and I did after our marriage was to start collecting architectural designs from magazines and to put away part of my salary each month toward the house. We did incorporate some of these designs we had saved in our place, but we forgot one essential item — why, I'll never know.

"While we were dreaming about the house, we also decided we wanted to have a baby. Well, the architect finally went to work on our home when we had enough money saved up, construction began—just before the priority deadline, by the way—and then we found that we were going to be proud parents. And there wasn't a single place for the nursery! We just had forgotten about it. It was too late to build an extra room, and we can't even add one now since the house is of such a design that any addition is impossible. So I guess Katharine, our new daughter, will have to take over the guest room when she advances beyond her present very youthful stage.

"It's really a great feeling, though, to find that we have our own home—and a baby at last, nursery or no nursery."

No one deserves good fortune more than Dana. His career hasn't been an easy one. Neither has his life. But now, it's smooth sailing. His work in "The Ox-Bow Incident" is so excellent that the powers-that-be at 20th Century-Fox took one look at Dana in that picture and said, "This is it! Dana Andrews is to be built for stardom." His performance in "Crash Dive" hasn't hurt his career any, either. To prove that the studio wasn't simply issuing a stock publicity phrase, Dana has been signed for the lead in the coming big picture, "The Eve of St. Mark."

Dana is a genuine example of a family man. He has been a father for nine years. His son, David, was born during his first marriage. And here is a story that is tragic and yet shows what a really fine and courageous father Dana is.

When he came to California from Texas, he met a girl who saw in him more than just a fellow who was nice-looking. She liked his singing voice and she believed in him—believed he had great talent. When everyone else was trying to get him to resume his former job as an accountant—a job he hated—she encouraged him to take up singing and to try his hand seriously at acting. Dana needed this impetus and thus began the career that has since carried him to success.

This first marriage was a happy one. That happiness seemed complete when David was born. But just before the boy's second birthday, Dana's wife died suddenly of pneumonia. Her death came as a great shock and could easily have been the end of many things for him—if it hadn't been for his mother-in-law.

"I was sure I would have to take any job so I could support David," Dana told me. "It seemed as though any ideas about a career were ended. I even thought for a while that I would have to put him in a home. Then my wife's mother suggested that David and I live with her. We were glad to accept. She was—and is—a wonderful person. She was not only a mother to David, but she was a mother to me. And she, as my wife had done, prompted me to go on with my work. So I took a job in a service station during the day and worked on my acting and singing at night. We were with her for over three years. We had a part of the house to ourselves and she always saw to it that I was made to feel independent. I owe much of my present good fortune to her."

It was some time later that Dana met Mary, his present wife. After going together for over a year, they began to think of marriage. She and David got along beautifully. She believed in Dana as strongly as his first wife had and was very sympathetic with his interests because she, herself, was a promising actress. There was no problem—except the problem of how they were going to live.

The solution to this problem came about in an unusual way. As a matter of fact, the story of Dana's career has no parallel in Hollywood history for its uniqueness.

While he was working at the service station, people had told him that he should be in pictures. Well, he wanted to work in pictures all right, but he wasn't going to go gaga every time someone pulled that tired old line. One day, the owner of the station said to him, "I think you should be in the movies." Dana merely smiled. "No, I'm serious," the man stated firmly. "So serious that I want to make a proposition to you." Dana showed no great interest as he replied, "Okay, what is it?" "Well, I play hunches," the man said, "and I've a hunch about you. I'll pay you $50 a week—that is, my partner and I will—and transportation expenses if you'll concentrate on getting a job as an actor. Forget singing for the time being—start acting."

"What's the catch?" Dana asked.

"No catch. Just business. When you begin to make $50 a week, I won't pay you any more. If you make over $100, you'll pay my partner and me twenty-five per cent of everything over that amount. You see, it's just a business deal. Agreed?"

Dana agreed. Immediately, he went the round of agents. Some came to see him perform at Pasadena Community Playhouse. Then he met Mary. But he had to accomplish something first. One night, an agent came back to see Dana after a show. He took one look at him and said, "Too bad. You were good, but your teeth need a lot of fixing." The next day, Dana went to his Santa Claus and told him what the agent had said.

"Okay, get your teeth fixed," his benefactor replied. "I'll pay the bill." And he did—to the tune of $1000.

A few months later, Dana was signed to a contract by Samuel Goldwyn and eventually had that contract shared by 20th Century-Fox. The man had loaned him about $7000. At this writing, he will realize about $20,000 on his investment in Dana in seven years.

When Dana signed with Goldwyn, it looked as though he and Mary could finally get married. But the studio advised against the marriage "We want to build you romantically," they said to him. "We want you to be seen with the glamor girls." So Dana and Mary waited—and they went out together as usual. He never once stepped out with a glamor girl. Finally, he was called in to the studio and was told, "It's no use. You won't go with the lovelies, so you might as well get married. You'd better see Goldwyn first, though."

Dana rehearsed the speech for days that he intended to deliver to Goldwyn. But the day he walked in to see him, a certain section of the studio suddenly caught on fire. Over the clang of sirens and the noise of firemen shouting, Goldwyn cried, "Want to see me, Andrews?" Sensing that this wasn't the time to explain why he wanted to get married, Dana said, "It can wait. I'll beard the lion in his den later." To which Goldwyn yelled back, "Beard me now!"

Well, talking as loudly as he could so as to be heard, Dana got his story out. Goldwyn told him to wait a couple of months. At the end of the two months, Dana asked again—and got permission. He and Mary immediately arranged for a church wedding. Then came another blow. He was told he was going into "The Westerner"—and he was to let his hair and beard grow.

The church wedding was canceled and a home ceremony substituted. Dana was hardly the usual bridegroom with a three weeks' old beard and hair trailing over his neck. This was bad enough, but when he reported to work for "The Westerner," the director took one look at him and said, "There are too many beards in this picture. Cut yours off—and also cut your hair."

And thus Dana and Mary were married.

They moved into a little apartment in Beverly Hills and began to save their money. Here their present home took shape—on paper. And here the sacrifices began. Sacrifices that were necessary because Dana's salary was small and because he was paying off his benefactor to the tune of twenty-five percent, his agent took the customary ten percent, and his mother, sister, and a younger brother in Texas had to be supported. His father had died only a short time before, and they were dependent on him. His other six brothers were able to care for themselves and help a little.

Mary handled the budget from start to finish in those days. She had a regular budget book with pockets in it for various expenses—for clothes, entertaining, and the like. If they spent too much on entertainment for one week, they weren't allowed anything the following week.

"We also watched our bill when we ate out," Dana told me. "One night, we passed by Chasen's, an exclusive restaurant. We didn't know much about it, so we asked the doorman if anyone could eat there. He said it was open to the public, so we walked in. We took one look at the menu and walked hurriedly out.

"The next day, though, I kept thinking of all the items I had seen on that menu. So I raided the clothes section in our budget and bought some fancy food. Mary made me make up the deficit the next week, however.

"Now we have a business manager. He allows us $25 a week for household expenses, and I get about five extra for spending money."

"Yes, but you usually have to get more from me before the end of the week," Mary said, as she came into the room.

"Well, I've had to lately," Dana said lightly. "After all, we've got the house to pay for and the rugs and the furniture—"

"*If* the furniture ever is delivered," Mary interrupted.

(They hadn't all the furnishings when I saw them as deliveries were being held up because of the present conditions.)

"At least the baby is paid for," the proud father said.

Dana showed me a letter from his business manager. It showed how much he had saved and had put in the bank and what a fine and sensible client he was. But the letter closed with the remark that the new bills had left him with about $78 in the bank. "All of our savings are on paper, it seems," Dana explained. "I did resort to one extravagance lately. I'd been waiting for years to buy good clothes. I had especially wanted this, but I could never afford it before." He went into the closet and took out an English trench coat. It was the last to reach this country—a beauty.

"I'll buy something like this, and yet I'll walk blocks rather than pay twenty-five cents for parking. Mary's almost as bad in her economizing. She'll buy nice clothes and then will spend about $1.98 on house dresses. Of course, they always look nice. She also did all of her own work until the baby came. Now we have a cook who is also our housekeeper."

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Dana and Mary are seldom seen at night clubs. They don't care for night life. They don't feel that they get enough pleasure out of such entertainment to warrant the prices that are asked. Instead, they entertain at home with simple parties.

Because home life means so much to Dana and Mary, I feel sure that they are one couple Hollywood can't break up. Their formula for happiness is simple and effective.

"In the first place, Mary gave up her career because I don't think two careers in the same family can ever make a happy marriage," Dana said. "And she made the sacrifice willingly. Then, too, I have nothing to be ashamed of in my past, nothing to cause Mary any uneasy moments. She was the only girl with whom I went out before we were married. I did not want publicity by being seen with other girls. If I had, I'm sure that I would have hurt Mary terribly. I think such publicity will hurt any Hollywood marriage eventually.

"Mary and I do get along together beautifully. I am not kidding you when I say we hardly ever argue. And one of the main reasons we don't quarrel, I must admit, is because Mary is so understanding."

(Mary had left the room while part of this discussion was under way.)

"Several times when Mary was expecting the baby," Dana said, "I had to go out. And occasionally I got in late. But she never was hurt or annoyed. I told her where I had been and how sorry I was for being late. It never occurred to her to question me.

"She was mad once, however. A short while after the baby was born, I had to go to a stag dinner for Darryl Zanuck. I expected to be home early, but after the dinner, John Sheppard, Tony Quinn, and I went on to a night club, planning to stay only a short time. While we were there, we met a young girl who was trying to sell tickets to a benefit. We decided to help her sell them, so we introduced her to a few of the stars present. I got in quite late. But I told Mary all about the evening at once. She was annoyed because I hadn't come home and taken her with me to the night club. She was very right. I should have come back for her. I was glad she knew what I had been doing, though, for the next morning several gossip columns carried the reports that I had been out with a young lovely—'and what did it mean?' If Mary hadn't known the truth, she might well have worried.

"I have always been honest with Mary. I want no happiness other than with her. And I think that any actor is a fool who expects his wife to condone his actions just because he happens to be in the public eye. Some Hollywood actor-husbands get the idea that they are the big cheese and that their wives are only the 'Missus.' I don't feel that way. Mary is as responsible for my success as I am. She has done a great deal for me. Fortunately, she is interested in the acting business and gets a big kick out of what I have done at the studio. In the same way, I am interested in what she does around the house. We are each a part of the other's work. I think this is another big reason why we get along so well together—and why we have the understanding between us that we do. In short, we're working for each other."

At this moment, David came downstairs to talk to Dana. David is very proud of his father's work in pictures, but he has been taught never to brag to any of his friends, "My father's a movie star!" Yet he is impressed—primarily with the fact that Dana gets to make love to so many glamor girls on the screen.

David is a fine, well-mannered boy, and a credit to his dad's idea of raising a child.

"I don't mean that my ideas about raising children should be taken as advice," Dana said. "I don't think any actor has the right to set himself up as an authority. But my system has worked for David.

"Whenever he doesn't want to do anything, I try to show him how silly he is. I tell him, 'Suppose I refuse to do my work—what would we do then? We'd just become bums.' That type of reasoning usually has effect. I seldom have to raise my voice to him when I reprimand him. They say that every father raises his child as his father raised him. In that respect, I'm different. My father was very strict. I believe reason is better than strict discipline. But, of course, I was quite a wild kid—and one who needed being yelled at and who also could use a good tanning regularly.

"In bringing up David, I have tried to answer every question he has asked me—and that includes the age-old problem of explaining to children how babies are born."

David likes little Katharine, "but not when she cries," he adds quickly. "I'm looking forward to the day when she grows up so I can play with her, but she'd better not be as independent as she is now."

He acts properly masculine about his new sister, but the day Mary came home from the hospital, his manly indifference took a back seat. David stood out in the yard watching for the arrival of his new baby sister—with field glasses.

Such is a picture of a Hollywood family. And such is the picture of a success story that is a pleasure to tell. Dana can no more miss having happiness in his home than he can miss having success in his career.

His birthplace seems to be a potent indication for his future. He was born, believe it or not, in Dont, Miss. (Miss. standing for Mississippi, of course.)

Career Girls Can't Cry!

Continued from page 35

the three of us walked to her dressing room, and I asked her if career girls ever cried.

"Definitely, they shouldn't," Joan answered, ruefully, "but I'm a career girl and I've wept buckets of tears—when I'm hurt, or disappointed, or things go wrong, the tears burst out. But credit me with this: I have it out alone, *sans* audience. After the sting is washed away, I get mad, then I'm ready for all issues. To battle, if necessary, and career girls must learn to hold their own or be submerged."

Joan's hardest lesson came early in her career. The studio had bought "A Free Soul" for her, then it was given to Norma Shearer. She was completely crushed, and to herself, wildly declared she'd give up the whole thing. She was too ambitious to be patient, to wait for success, and she cried all night.

"Toward morning," said Joan, "it came to me that I must learn to leash my emotions; must not give way to disappointments or I'd never get anywhere. I vowed then and there that I would not be beaten, that I'd fight to the finish to reach my goal.

"I have no false pride when it comes to furthering my career. For instance, I felt that George Cukor didn't like me. He once directed a part of a film I was in and cruelly picked on everything I did. Then came 'The Women' which he was to direct, and I had set my heart on the rôle of *Crystal.* This was right after the 'Poison Box-Office' stories, and I needed a good picture terribly, so I went to see Mr. Cukor, willing to *beg,* if necessary. He was wonderful, and when he said I could have the part, I was so happy I couldn't speak, but I was scared stiff, too. At the end of the first day I had to find out how I stood, so I asked if I was pleasing him. He looked at me for a minute, then said, 'Don't worry. You can play anything.' Believe me, that's the sweetest praise I ever had."

"No, I don't cry when things go wrong," said Barbara Stanwyck, as we talked in her dressing room following her love scene with Charles Boyer for "Flesh and Fantasy."

"I've been so much alone that I've learned not to give in to my feelings," she continued. "After all, life is an individual experience, and I meet my disappointments and troubles by myself. Now that I have someone to whom I can turn, I won't seek sympathy because I don't want to go soft. A career girl can't do that, either. If she is bucking the competitive world to win a place, she must take what comes—standing up. There's no place for the clinging vine today.

"Action, furious action is my cure-all, and the excitement seems to lull the pain of the hurt. When I'm disturbed I jump into the car and drive for hours, by myself, fighting back to normal. During the year I wasn't on the screen I played a wicked game of tennis, taking my venom out with furious assaults on the ball. Oh, yes, I get over anything quickly for I can't stay in an emotional upheaval. I must straighten it out or I would go under.

"My outstanding experience was when I wanted the rôle of *Stella Dallas.* I wanted it more than anything else in the whole world. My career was unsteady, I needed something decisive to bring me back and I was confident this part would do it. Sam Goldwyn didn't believe I had box-office appeal, and too, he had set his heart on finding an unknown actress whom he could build up. Months went by with nothing settled.

"Joel McCrea and I started a picture, 'Internes Can't Take Money,' and he felt as certain as I that this rôle of *Stella Dallas* was made for me. He was under contract to Goldwyn, so one day he barged in on Sam when he was sick in bed, and urged that he give me a test. Joel must have been persuasive for Goldwyn gave his consent. We were in the middle of our picture but the director arranged to let me off for a day for the test.

"Anne Shirley wanted her rôle as badly as I did mine, so both of us, keyed to the highest tension, spent the day making tests of the most difficult scene in the picture—the party sequence. It was easy enough for us to shed real tears and we wept for hours. At four o'clock the next morning my agent called me up to say I had the part. I was so excited that I phoned Joel at that unearthly hour and I'll admit I was pretty teary as I gasped out the news. 'Stella Dallas' offered my most harrowing experience, but it also turned into my greatest triumph."

In her slow, caressing voice, Marlene Dietrich said, "I was a child of troublesome times and brought up to meet adversities, and without whimpering, too. My childhood felt the sting of Germany's readjustment after the last war, and I saw tragedy and horror at every corner. You grow stronger under such conditions. By necessity you learn emotional control, and become master, not the servant, of your feelings. It is resisting the wind that makes a tree sturdy; human beings profit by a like training.

"When I came to America in 1930, it seemed like paradise, yet to my amazement, everybody complained about the depression. I couldn't understand it—no beggars in sight, the markets running over with food, laughter—happiness. How I loved it, and now that I'm a real American, I love it even more.

"As a career girl I do not cry. I learned early that it is a waste of energy, and confuses you just when you need clear thinking. While I am ambitious and love my work, it never gets me down because I have other interests that are more vital to my happiness. Sometimes my personal life brings tears, but never my career.

"A career is hardly a personal matter because you are always working for someone else and you can't let them down. When I first came to Hollywood I was working for Joseph von Sternberg; he had given me this great opportunity and I had no right to fail him by becoming discouraged. Last year I had a terrible experience when I broke my leg during the making of 'The Lady Is Willing.' It looked for a time as if I must leave the picture, but I would not fail Mitchell Leisen, one of the finest directors in pictures. I didn't take time out to feel sorry but concentrated on learning to walk with a cast on my leg. I practiced for hours and hours before the mirror, and I overcame other obstacles, too. Within a few weeks I went back and completed the picture, wearing the cast, and no one knew it. The doctors complimented me, saying I had taught them a lesson as to what can be done with a broken leg. Now, if I had not had stern training with difficulties in my youth, I probably could not have done this."

"Career girls have to weep," announced Lucille Ball. "What other panacea is there for the anguish their early struggles bring? *I know.* I began my career by being fired from the chorus four times in succession after weeks of rehearsing.

"The fourth was the crushing blow. All my hopes were pinned on 'Rio Rita' and I thought I was getting along okay. Then came the Saturday before the show opened, and they told me they didn't need me. Unless you've heard these words four times in a row, you can't grasp the terror they bring. My money was gone, I was absolutely hungry, and terribly frightened. Of course, I cried—cried for hours. Then I remembered about not getting discouraged, being persistent, never taking *no* for an answer. So the next morning at 8 o'clock I went to the office of Ziegfeld's representative, the one who hired and fired, and waited all day long, hoping to see him. On the third day when he left, I followed him. After three blocks he turned and angrily told me to stop bothering him, to go home, that the show didn't need me.

"I turned and walked down Fifth Avenue. I remember it was just a quarter to six—and my world was sinking beneath me. I didn't cry, I was too stunned. There seemed but one thing to do: to end it all—to commit suicide. This may sound melodramatic now, but it was stark realism at that moment. When I reached the next stop signal I looked for a big car to throw myself under. None came, and at the next stop, only shabby cars were in sight. Suddenly, I realized that even in my blackest hour I was going dramatic; I wanted a swanky limousine to be my climax! Then I laughed. I was weak and shaking, but I leaned against a railing, and laughed and laughed. This turned the tide."

After a slight pause, Lucille went on, "I decided to quit trying to be a show girl and find another job, and within four days I became a model. Things went well after this and I'm proud to say I became one of the most successful models in New York.

"Then came Hollywood, and my first picture brought new griefs. I had one line of dialogue, the setting was a florist shop, and I was thrilled until someone said, 'Just say these words—with a strong Cockney accent.' *Cockney accent*—my eye! I hadn't the slightest idea how to do it. I made several stabs, then Director Mark Sandrich, bless him, said he'd change the dialogue around and have someone else take over the Cockney. We made the scene and I was pleased. Next day I discovered they had called in another girl to do that line and I was *out* of the picture. I was always grateful to Sandrich for saving 'my face' before the other players, for at that time, the experience would have ripped my pride wide open.

"We learn by experiences," added Lucille. "In the acting profession we should always sympathize with new players, for a word of encouragement at the right moment may become a mountain of strength."

"I've been too lucky for tears," Teresa Wright told me. "Everything has come to me on a silver platter, and I still can't believe all this has happened in four years. The real preparation for my career was that Father and I being alone, he insisted on my forming my own opinions, making my decisions, and being positive in knowing what I wanted. This has been valuable, for it saved me from getting into spots that bring unhappiness.

"I'll fight for my principles, or my convictions, and I'll give up my career rather than push them aside. I love acting, but I'm not burning with ambition to become a great star, or a world figure. In fact, I want a peaceful, harmonious life, and besides acting I want a home and children. These are necessary for my happiness.

"My stage career," Teresa went on, "was brief, but glorious. Sam Goldwyn saw me in the Broadway play, 'Life With Father,' and offered me a rôle in his film, 'The Little Foxes.' The chance to play with Bette Davis and Herbert Marshall won me over, and everything turned out beau-

tifully. After this, I made 'Mrs. Miniver' and 'The Pride of the Yankees,' and now, Mr. Hitchcock's 'Shadow of a Doubt,' all offering me exceptional rôles. Now, tell me, could I cry with such luck?

"So far, my chief troubles," she added, "come from warring against the glamor publicity campaign. I'm not glamorous, and I feel silly trying to be. Neither am I the show girl or the sweater type, and I refuse to pose for pictures along that line. Recently, I've received many letters from fans saying they are glad I'm just myself, depending on my acting to win laurels. So I feel justified in my stand. I told you I knew what I wanted!"

Seventeen-year-old Joan Leslie started acting at five, grew up in vaudeville, but insists she hasn't missed a single day of girlhood happiness.

Of course, there were good and bad breaks; one-night stands, dirty hotels, poor food, and hours and hours of rehearsing before she gained her enviable stardom in Warner Brothers pictures. But it never occurred to her to cry. Everyone in her world was doing the very same thing, and without grumbling.

Today, her only complaint is that there isn't enough—*time!* Still a minor, Joan must have four hours of schooling each day, besides dancing and singing lessons, and special dramatic training. This doesn't leave many play hours. But to Joan, all this preparation is thrillingly exciting—she sees it as *steps* toward becoming a truly great actress!

Then there's Universal's fiery Latin, Maria Montez, who has a pet formula that balks the tears. Said Maria, "My test came during the making of 'Arabian Nights,' in Technicolor. Most of it was filmed on the desert with the thermometer batting out 115 degrees. When I began feeling sorry for myself, or ready to complain about getting up at 5:30, the long hours, hard work, and devilish heat, I'd just say to myself, 'So, Maria, *you wanted to be in pictures!*' That shut me up!"

Quick Change Face-Saving

Continued from page 55

soften your skin, too, and make it easy to remove your make-up later.

Vanishing creams make good foundations if your skin is oily; but for a dry skin it will be wise to use the more creamy foundations. Foundation lotions are the perfect answer for the over-thirty, very dry skin. One star who is famous for her complexion always mixes a fairly heavy foundation cream she likes with a few drops of foundation lotion. This gives just the creamy yet lasting consistency she likes.

The various cake make-ups, while not actually creams of course, are excellent foundations for that cool, mat finish to your skin. Most of them are tinted somewhat, so be sure that they match not only the consistency of your skin but the color. They have the great added advantage of covering small blemishes and making your skin look smoother than it is.

It is early in the year to speak of summer, but while we are on this subject of foundations we should mention that some of the sun screen lotions make excellent foundation creams. If you do not want to tan this year; if, instead, you want to keep a soft, pink-and-white skin, a sun screen lotion worn as your daily foundation cream under your powder will make an amazing amount of difference.



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My one 4-Purpose Face Cream ends need for other face creams

WOMEN who use Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream don't need *any other cream* for the care of their skin. For just think! Every time you use Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream: (1) it thoroughly, but gently, *cleans* your skin; (2) it *softens* your skin and relieves dryness; (3) it helps nature *refine* the pores; (4) it leaves a perfect *base* for powder.

Helps these 6 skin troubles

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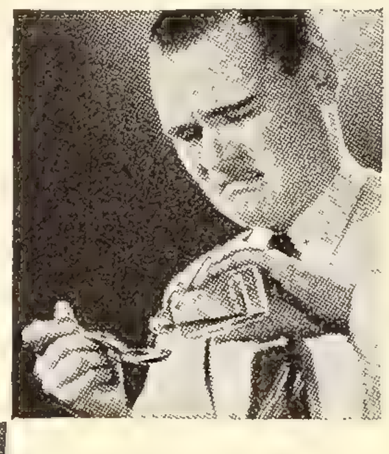
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"Assignment in Brittany"

Continued from page 31

be trundled off to a hospital bed. Then he had seen Corlay in the bed next to his. The shock had stunned him. He knew the reason for the bandages concealing his own face as he stared at that other face that feature for feature, line for line might have been his own.

That was why he was chosen, because of that remarkable likeness. It was imperative for the British to have a secret agent on the Brittany Coast, a man whose presence there would not be suspected by the Nazis. For months every boat leaving England had run the gauntlet of German submarines. They had to discover the base from which the U boats operated, the base hidden in one of those innocent little fishing villages dotting the coast. But which one? British Intelligence had been unable to find it and they couldn't bomb all of them. St. Deodat, Corlay's native village, was near the coast. An alert man living there could discover many things.

He had been thorough, Colonel Trane, in readying Metard for the job. A surgeon had even reproduced a facsimile of the birthmark Corlay had. He knew everything there was to know about Corlay from his own and Trane's questioning, knew his friends, his acquaintances; that there was an old servant Albertine in the house and an old man, her cousin, who helped about the farm. Knew that there was an invalid mother; that, and this was the part Metard liked least in the whole business, there was a girl, Anne Pinot, Corlay's fiancée.

"To the south is the Pinot farm," Trane told him. "You won't have to look far for your fiancée."

Metard looked to the south, saw the roof top rising over the trees, saw the thin spiral of smoke drifting from the chimney. In that house lived the girl who loved Corlay, the girl he must deceive. He turned and walked quickly to his own home.

The door stood open. He walked into the big square room, saw the old peasant woman in her starched Breton cap and apron staring at him. Albertine, of course. Her eyes were glazed, frightened. Had she discovered he was an imposter already?

"Well, Albertine, I'm home," he said. Even his voice had become Corlay's after those weeks of practice. "It's me, all right."

"I thought you were a ghost!" The fright didn't leave her eyes. "Where have you been?"

"Belgium, Dunkirk." He followed her into the kitchen, his eyes watching hungrily as she ladled some soup from the pot swinging over the open fire, as she cut thick slices of bread. "I got to Brest in a French boat. I was ill. When I recovered there was the Armistice and I began to walk home. How's my mother?"

"The same," she said heavily. "When she wakens I'll tell her you're home."

When he finished eating he went upstairs to his own room. From the things Corlay had told him it was as familiar as if he had indeed lived in it since he was a child. He felt safe, and suddenly very tired. Even as he tugged at one of his heavy, muddy peasant's shoes he sprawled back over the bed asleep.

He woke to see the gaunt, distinguished old woman staring at him from the doorway, Corlay's mother. The corded veins in her thin wrinkled hands stood out and her eyes were hostile.

Had she guessed? He knew what he would have to do in that event. One old woman's life meant nothing against the importance of the task before him. It was for her the fear came, not for himself, as she slowly put on her glasses, as her stare came more intent than ever. Then without a word she turned, her cane tapping her defiance as she slowly hobbled away, not even speaking to Albertine who was coming into the room with fresh linen.

Albertine looked at him. For the first time her eyes softened, almost as if in spite of herself she pitied him.

"Your mother is upset about the war," she said.

"She blames me because we lost this time?" He reached for the right approach to the riddle.

"She is angry with all the young men." Albertine seemed ill at ease. "She—she hoped she would never see you again."

All that afternoon Madame Corlay did not speak as Metard worked with the old man in the fields, though he saw her eyes follow him in that strange, wondering way as she picked berries from the raspberry thicket. Then when she saw she was being observed she took up her basket and started toward the house.

"Leave the basket," he called. "I'll bring it in with me."

"You'll bring it!" She looked amazed. "Thank you," she said. But he sensed doubt, suspicion. And it was as he watched her slow progress that he also saw the girl coming toward him. It was Anne Pinot!

She was small, and very young. She was pretty, but it didn't seem to matter to her. Shorn of vanity and coquetry alike she was pathetically childlike in the severe black dress that had seemed designed solely to try to conceal every line and curve of her lithe young figure, but instead revealed it.

"Albertine told me you were home," she said, and there was something about her awkwardness as she looked at him that touched Metard profoundly and again he felt that distaste of having to pretend to be her betrothed. "Bertrand," her voice became suddenly determined. "I must tell you at once I—I—" She faltered. "I didn't think it would be so hard to say." Just as suddenly as it had come all the resolution fled from her voice.

"Anne," he said. But his voice seemed to terrify her. She ran, but she could not run as fast as he. When she stumbled and almost fell he caught her in his arms. "Anne, what's wrong?" he asked.

"My father died the first week of the war," she said, and at his exclamation of condolence he felt her stiffen in his arms. "But even if he were still alive," she went on steadily, "I would disobey him. I'm not going to marry you, Bertrand."

It was so startling he couldn't help showing his surprise. Then immediately he became the secret agent again. He must calculate what Corlay's reaction would be.

"Well, that makes my welcome complete," he said.

"You never loved me!" A flush swept over her pale face. "You don't have to pretend. I know all about it, Bertrand."

He didn't try to stop her as she walked away. The life of Bertrand Corlay had not been as simple as he and Trane had thought. What story did Anne know that would make her greet him like this?

In a way it was easier facing the hostility he felt in all of them, much easier than having to trade on an affectionate welcome with hypocrisy and deceit. But their aloofness left him wondering. He must find out more about Bertrand Corlay.

"Re-establish yourself in the village," Trane had told him. "You know the routine, a drink at the Inn, casual gossip at the village store."

Metard left as soon as the silent evening

meal was finished. He was thinking over the description of Corlay's friends, their names, when he saw the anemic-looking young man standing on the bridge looking at him with that expressionless stare. Who was he? Metard couldn't identify him from any of the descriptions that had been given to him. He was afraid to speak, even more afraid not to. But the man with the dark, bitter eyes took the initiative away from him.

"The conquering hero!" His mocking words came.

"Neither conquering nor hero, I'm afraid." Metard felt his way.

"Well, that's a surprise. A new Corlay has returned." The man smiled grimly. "Humility should give a new tone to your manners. You're on your way to the Inn, I suppose. You must be anxious to get there."

Metard shrugged as he began walking again and the man fell into step beside him. It was only when he saw his dragging leg that recognition came. Kerenor the cripple, of course! Kerenor the school teacher.

"I'm going to be present at the tender reunion," he went on darkly. "Like it or not I'm going to be there."

Metard would have felt more comfortable if he had met those antagonistic aloof glances that came as he walked into the Inn without the sardonic Kerenor beside him. A group of men at the bar barely acknowledged his greeting. One of them, an older man with a mourning band around his sleeve, put down his unfinished drink and left. Strange that it was only from the German officers scattered about the room he felt any friendliness at all.

Then the girl came in, the dark, vivid girl with the full mouth and the laughing eyes. There had been no mention of another girl in Corlay's life, none at all, but her whole manner was possessive as she smiled.

"Bertrand!" For the first time there was a welcome for him. "I'm so glad to see you. I just got back myself. I was in Paris, but now," her quick smile came, "it seems more suitable for me to be here."

"I think he knew you returned this morning," Kerenor said. "I think he followed you here."

"Jean, really!" She laughed placatingly. "Things are hard enough as it is. We're three French people meeting after a long time. Can't we be friendly?"

"No!" The word was almost a shout. Then Kerenor's voice softened as he turned to her. "Don't have anything to do with him, Elise. You're too good to know him. You're so friendly to everyone, kind to everyone, that it's up to me to protect you from your own goodness. Corlay left here pompous and vicious and he has returned the same."

Metard was determined to egg the man on. For the first time he was getting real information, useful information. "I'm very interested in this portrait of myself," he said lightly.

"Oh, you're very interested!" Kerenor's voice shook. "Well, interest yourself in this. You don't mind getting Elise talked about. You hang about her, run after her, in spite of Anne, in spite of all the decencies. Well, you won't hurt her. Not while I'm here to stop you." He glared balefully, then he turned and limped away.

"Our friend is very bitter," Metard said in a low voice. "Am I as bad as that?"

She took a quick step toward him, grasping his arm, her eyes no longer able to conceal their passion.

"To touch you again! To talk to you," she whispered. "My darling, is it still the same with you?"

"What do you think?" he smiled.

"Sweetheart!" She glanced around the room. "I have so much to tell you. To-


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night. Eleven o'clock. The usual place."

That baffled him. Where had Corlay been in the habit of meeting this girl?

"Must it wait until eleven?" He was stalling, trying to hold her there until he could get more information. But as the hard-looking middle-aged woman with the bunch of keys dangling from her belt proclaiming her the owner of the Inn came into the room, her eyes darkening as she saw Metard, the girl quickly turned away.

"Shhh, there's Aunt Marie," she cautioned. "Meet me at eleven."

The usual place! Suddenly he had an idea where he might find the answer. Elise must be the cause for Anne's bitterness, he decided as he went to the Pinot house.

Anne looked frightened when she opened the door. "Why are you here?" she demanded. "Please, Bertrand. My mind is made up. I don't want to talk about it."

"We *must* talk about it." He walked into the room. "All day long I've been puzzling over it. And I think I can guess what's troubling you. You've heard some gossip about me and Elise."

"No gossip." Her head lifted. "I *know* about you and Elise."

"What do you know?" he asked, delighted at her defiance. Now at last he might learn the things he had to know. "That we were seen at the Inn? Or did anyone say we met in other places, outside the Inn? I insist that you answer me, Anne. Our marriage isn't something to be dismissed lightly."

"Do you think it meant nothing to me?" Tears clung to her lashes. "I wanted to love the man I married and my father told me that would come after our marriage. If I didn't love you then at least I felt I could. I was happy. And then I found out you'd lied to me, that you were laughing at me. I was so ashamed."

"What did you find out?" he insisted. "Anne, I must know. Did you or anyone else imagine you saw Elise and me meeting secretly? If that's it, tell me. Name the place. Where?"

"Very well, Bertrand. After you went to the war I helped Albertine clean your room. I was dusting and I found the panel, I found the poems. I hoped they were about me so I read them. The day you told me you loved me, that same day you wrote a poem to Elise."

Her voice broke and she turned blindly and ran from the room. Her despair moved him but he did not try to comfort her. He acted as he knew how Corlay would have acted, slamming the door behind him. Once outside he ran to his room.

It was in the bookcase he found the hidden panel which formed the false back of a shelf. He glanced through the poems.

"Why, Elise!" He chuckled admonishingly. "Why, Bertrand! You're not only a bad poet. You're a bad boy!" He tensed as he turned the page. Here was the verse he was looking for, the poem that told him Bertrand and Elise met in the ruins of the castle, near the dovecote.

He picked up his hat just as he heard the sound of a motor stopping outside. Rushing to the window he saw the German staff car outside. Had they come for him? Galvanized into action he stuffed the papers back into the panel and rearranged the books before he hurried to the door. Albertine had just reached the top step carefully carrying a tray with a glass of hot milk and biscuits when they heard the loud knocking below.

"It's the Boches," Metard whispered. Then as she stiffened he took the tray from her. "See what they want."

Madame Corlay was sitting at the piano which held the place of honor in her room when she called to him to come in, in answer to his knock. He saw her glasses lying on the table and remembered how twice she had put them on to study his face the better. Deliberately he walked over to the table and set the tray down hard on the glasses. She looked at him as she heard the sound of the shattering glass.

"It was useless to break my glasses, Monsieur." Her voice came slowly, coldly. "I don't need them to see that you are not my son."

Before he got over the shock of it Albertine burst into the room. "They want rooms! For soldiers!" she announced.

"I'll see them," Metard announced. But as he reached the door he stopped. Framed in the doorway was a German officer.

Metard stood tensely as the man questioned Madame Corlay. How many rooms in the house? How many servants? And this man? he asked looking at Metard, and Metard fixed his eyes on her as she hesitated. Only when she spoke did he feel he could breathe again.

"He is my son," Madame Corlay said.

"The house is inadequate but it will have to do," the officer said. Then as the other German came up the stairs, "We'll return in the morning. The house must be vacated. What is your name?"

"Bertrand Corlay," Metard said.

The other officer looked up sharply. Then he turned to his companion.

"This farm will not be suitable, Captain." He stressed the negative but he smiled sardonically as he turned back to Metard. "Sorry we inconvenienced you, Corlay," he said. "Get on with your work."

Neither of the three stirred until they heard the door close behind the German, until they heard the sputtering of the motor and the car driving away. Then Madame Corlay turned rigidly to Metard.

"Who are you, why are you here?" she said.

"One takes the opportunities one finds to fight the Nazis," he said simply.

"I wish that could be said for my son." Her mouth twisted. "You saw how they acted when they heard his name. You—you look like Bertrand. You even talk and move like him. It is only in the little things you are different. That's how I knew you weren't my son when you offered to carry my basket for me. You have kindness, something Bertrand couldn't even understand." Suddenly she turned to Albertine. "No milk tonight." She went to the corner cupboard and took out three delicate liqueur glasses and a crystal decanter. "Brandy."

"But this is the very last of the brandy," Albertine protested.

"When a son comes home one celebrates." Madame Corlay filled the glasses, giving one to each of them. "To our war!" she said, and her voice was quite loud and defiant.

It was after eleven when Metard reached the dovecote, and Elise was waiting. Her arms went around him, her lips clung to his.

"You've been in Paris," Metard said. He sounded reproachful. "You've been in Paris enjoying yourself."

"Don't sulk." Her light laughter came. "I have to do what they tell me to. But never mind, darling. It's our turn now. Out of the whole village they picked us to help them because we're smarter than the others. Those Berliners, they knew! We helped them win, now we'll be rewarded."

"We will, eh?" Metard took the cue. "Much reward I'll get. Stuck here in St. Deodat!"

"It's the supervision point for all Brittany!" Elise pointed out.

"All right, but that's not what I want," he protested. "What would you say if I told you I'm aiming for the most important post in Brittany? I know about the submarine base."

"St. Lunaire?" Her voice quickened. "If that's what you want I'll do everything to get it for you. Now, stop being angry. Our time is slipping by. Hans is taking me back to Paris tonight." Then at his exclamation, "Don't start that silly jealousy again!"

"This was going to be a memorable night," he said dramatically. "I was going to love you as you were never loved by anyone. But not now!" He backed away as she came closer. "Another man might let you go from his arms straight to Hans. But his name's not Bertrand Corlay."

Ignoring her frantic appeal he walked away. Only when he was near the house did his smile come. He had got the information he was looking for. Then he heard a girl scream and the smile froze on his face. It came from the woods back of the Pinot farm.

Another scream came as he dashed into the woods. Then in the moonlight he saw her and the German soldier who held her. He made a quick lunge, leaping on the man from behind, his powerful hands went around his throat and there was a sickening sound as the German's neck broke.

"You—you killed him!" Anne whispered.

"What are you doing here?" he asked.

"They took my house." Her teeth were chattering so she could hardly talk. "We had to go. Marie went to Albertine but I couldn't go with her to your house. I was going to the village and then just as I was crossing the field—"

"It's all right, Anne." He put his arm around her as she faltered. "It's all over. You're coming home with me."

Suddenly she began to sob, her face pressed hard against his rough coat. "He might have killed you!" she sobbed. "He might have killed you!"

The next day he was on his way to the small town just outside of St. Lunaire, to the pub owned by Big Louis Basdevant whom, Trane had told him, he could count on for help. It was the next day before he got there and gave the pass word. Big Louis opened the door for him and took him to a room back of the bar and closed the door.

"I want to get into St. Lunaire," Metard said.

"Sailing a man to England is one thing." Big Louis shook his head. "St. Lunaire is another. It's restricted. All civilians moved out. Every road guarded. It might be possible to go around the breakwater in a boat. But very dangerous."

"I was told Big Louis never worried about danger," Metard said.

The other considered that for a moment. Then he smiled.

"All right. I'll get my boat ready," he said. "You'll have time for a nap."

CAST

"ASSIGNMENT IN BRITTANY"

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Screen play by Anthony Veiller and William H. Wright. Based upon the novel by Helen MacInnes. Produced by J. Walter Ruben. Directed by Jack Conway.

Captain Metard / *Bertrand Corlay* ....Pierre Aumont
Anne Pinot.....Susan Peters
Kerenor .....Richard Whorf
Mme. Corlay.....Margaret Wycherly
Elise .....Signe Hasso
Colonel Trane.....Reginald Owen
Captain Deichgraber.....John Emery
Captain Holz.....George Coulouris
Albertine .....Sarah Padden
Colonel Tilford.....Miles Mander
Henri .....George Brest
Etienne .....Darryl Hickman

Metard didn't know how long he had slept when the knock came at the door and opening it he saw a little girl staring at him with frightened eyes.

"My mother sent me," she whispered. "She said you must go away."

He followed her into the bar, saw the woman behind it motioning to him to go, saw the fishermen in front of it, saying nothing, only their eyes urgently pleading he take her advice.

"What's happened?" Metard asked.

"You are in danger here, Monsieur," the woman said. "Go while you can. This is our business."

"And mine," Metard said. "Others like me will come expecting friends."

"That's right." The woman nodded. "He should know. Tell him, Jules."

The fisherman nodded. "Two days ago two Englishmen came here. Big Louis sailed with them the same night and he also took young Rochet from the next village to join the Frenchmen in England." He looked straight at Metard then. "Today I was in St. Malo. There I saw prisoners behind barbed wire and among them were the two Englishmen and young Rochet."

Suddenly he stopped talking as the door was flung open and Basdevant stood there. Behind him was a German sergeant. The woman screamed as Jules pulled out his knife and lunged toward the German as Metard and two of the younger men grappled with Big Louis. Picking up a knife she ran toward him.

"I did not lose my husband and two brothers in the war to have another man grow fat from their murders!" she cried. "Even though he is my own brother!"

It was Metard who stopped her.

"Don't worry," he said as Louis' frantic eyes went from him to the sergeant lying dead on the floor. "You're not going to die yet. I can use a Hitler lover like you. You're taking me into St. Lunaire, past the guards. If you make one false move, I'm going to blow your heart out! Do you understand that, Louis?"

Louis understood. But Metard kept his wary eye on him as he spoke to the sentry at St. Lunaire, explaining the stranger was his cousin who had come to help him carry away the rations promised him. Even when the sentry took them to the Major's house and left them there to be questioned, Metard's hand did not leave the revolver hidden in his pocket.

"Ah, Basdevant, I wanted to see you," the Major said genially. "Lieutenant Eberhart reports you landed a big fish for us tonight. He was taken to St. Malo as usual?"

"Yes." Beads of perspiration were rolling down the saloonkeeper's face. Then as the telephone rang and the Major reached out his hand to answer it Big Louis suddenly leaped toward him. "He's a—"

But he didn't finish the sentence. Metard's bullet found its way to his heart. Before the Major could draw his own gun he lay sprawled across his desk, dead.

Metard ran to the window as he heard the excited steps outside. Vaulting into the street he kept in the shadows as he made his way to the seawall. Suddenly in front of his startled eyes a submarine emerged from the dark water. As he watched fascinated the seawall itself opened and the boat headed straight for it. He had found the base at last.

But his work wasn't finished yet. He had to go to the man in Mont St. Michael, the restaurant keeper named Plehec, who was able to send wireless messages to London. It took another day to reach him to arrange for the message he had written in code and signed with his name to be sent as soon as Plehec could manage it. Then as Etienne, the man's young nephew who was to show him a short cut across

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the sands back to St. Deodat, was leading him out of a back door he heard a familiar laugh. Walking softly to the door he peered through the crack at the hinges. Yes, it was Elise, and she was with her German. She had not gone to Paris after all.

Anne's voice was the first he heard when he came home the next morning.

"You're back, you're back!" Her voice was singing and again that resentment at having to deceive her came as Metard's arms closed around her and he felt her smooth young cheek against his unshaven face. He saw Madame Corlay's anxious eyes looking at the girl and knew the deception disturbed her too.

"You are a hero." Anne looked up with eyes misting with happy tears. "I told Kerenor what happened the night I came here. He is sorry for what he said to you. He went with me to the Curé."

"I told you not to do it, child," Madame Corlay said sharply. "I begged you to wait!"

"This is for me and Bertrand, Madame." Anne's smile couldn't be dimmed. "No one else. Remember, Bertrand," she turned to him again, her hand slipping into his. "Sunday is St. Deodat's Feast day. The Germans have given us permission to celebrate it and I, well, I have told Monsieur le Curé he could announce our banns. What's the matter, Bertrand?" she cried as she saw his face.

"Nothing," he said. He got up abruptly and walked to the door. Only when he got there did he see the squad of German soldiers and the officer entering the gate.

He knew it was hopeless even before they took him away, before Elise faced him in front of the Germans in the swastika-hung office and denounced him as a British agent, showing as proof the letter she had just received from the real Bertrand Corlay, the letter he had been able to have a friend smuggle across the Channel for him, the letter saying he was lying injured in an English hospital.

"Where did you get that?" Metard was determined to brazen the thing through. "I never wrote that letter."

The door opened and the fishermen who had been in Basdevant's pub that night and his sister came in. They all denied seeing him that night the German had been killed even when the officer lashed them with his whip.

"There, now are you satisfied?" Metard demanded as they were taken out again. "I have nothing to conceal."

"I think you have," Elise smiled. "Bertrand Corlay had a birthmark on his back."

Metard pretended to protest as a soldier ripped his shirt off but it was all he could do to keep from grinning when he saw Elise's flabbergasted eyes staring at the birthmark. He was almost beginning to think he would get away with it when the boy Etienne was brought in. He would have counted on him most of all but it was the boy who betrayed him, identifying Metard as the man who had brought the message to his uncle, the message they had found on Plehec that same night when they arrested him and which they had decoded. Well, maybe the boy was bitter, Metard thought grimly. After all, his kinsman had been killed by a firing squad.

For two days they questioned him. Metard's body was swollen and raw from the beatings he had received. Then on the third day something was thrown in through the barred window of his cell, a wad of paper no bigger than a pea. When he had unfolded it he saw on it only that one word, *Courage.*

He knew it was Sunday only because the church bells were ringing. As the door of his cell opened he felt he could not endure another beating. Then his eyes stared as he saw a big Breton in peasant clothes standing there and beside him a priest. Metard looked again at the priest and almost fainted. It was Kerenor. He and the other loyal French in the town had risked their lives to save him. Without a word Metard put on the priest's cassock and hat Kerenor had concealed under his robe.

The guard who had been killed had not been discovered yet as they made their way through the prison, guarded now by the Bretons.

"You won't be noticed," Kerenor whispered. "It's our feast day and there are plenty of visiting clergy in town."

They went into the church, passed in back of the kneeling congregation to a small door which led to a long passage. Only then when he knew he was safe did Metard sag and Kerenor and the Breton carried him the rest of the way.

When he woke again Metard found himself lying on a pallet in a room without windows or a door. He thought Kerenor's coming had been a dream and that he was still in his cell when he saw the rough stone walls. Then he saw Anne.

She was sitting on a box beside him, her face worn and tired but looking lovelier than he had remembered it.

"Where is this?" he asked.

"The cave under the church," she said.

"How long have you been with me?"

"Two days and three nights." She smiled. "You're safe here. No one but the Curé knew about these caves. He told Kerenor."

"Anne." His hand went over hers. "You know now that I'm not Corlay." Then as she nodded, "I didn't enjoy wearing his shoes. Forgive me."

"There is nothing to forgive." He felt her hand stiffen in his. Her small head went up in a proud gesture. "It was part of your mission to deceive us. But there's something you must understand, too. I also was pretending. Whatever I said, whatever I did, thinking you were Bertrand, it wasn't love. I was trying to make myself feel something because of my father's wishes."

"Anne." He pulled her closer. "That night in the woods, was that Corlay? That morning at breakfast when you put your hand in mine before everybody, was that Corlay?" Then as she didn't answer his voice rose in that new happiness sweeping over him. "Anne, answer me!"

"What are you trying to make me say?" she asked desperately.

"That you love me," he said. "Not Corlay. Me." Then as she still hesitated his arms went around her. "I love you," he said.

"Thank you for trying to be kind." She pulled away from him. "You needn't have."

He laughed as he pulled her down to him again, as his mouth found hers.

"You're all the kindness and every lovely thing in the world," he said. And when he kissed her she relaxed in his arms and music from the church above drifted down to them.

"It is the Mass," she whispered. "The solemn High Mass. We might be kneeling there taking communion." She took his hand and held it against her cheek. "I, Anne," she said slowly, "take thee, Pierre, for my lawful husband to have and to hold from this day forward."

"For better, for worse." His voice lifted above hers. "For richer for poorer, in sickness and health till death do us part."

And somehow it was as if they had really been married, there in the caves under the church.

He got well quickly after that. Then one day when he knew he would be well enough to leave they both turned startled as they saw the secret door opening in the wall and the boy Etienne stood there.

"I had to betray you, M'sieu," he said. "Or I would be shot."

"What a loss that would have been," Metard said dryly.

"I couldn't let them kill me." The boy's eyes pleaded for understanding. "My uncle told me, the wireless came first. For when he was killed I was the only one who knew where it was. I had to stay alive, he told me, even if I had to testify against you. Others will come, he said. You must be here to help them. When I told the Curé I alone could lead you to the wireless he sent me here."

Metard looked at Anne then. "Go home, darling," he said. "God keep you safe."

"Let me come with you," she urged. "If anything happens to you I want to share it."

"No, I'll come back to you," he said. "When we've rid the world of this poison."

Kerenor was waiting as they went outside the church. He went with them as they made their careful way to the place where a boat was hidden. Then quickly Metard told him all he knew. If the Commandos did not come the next night to St. Lunaire he would know they had not got the message through. Then it would be up to him to get the news to the British.

Kerenor, the schoolmaster, was now a spy. His head lifted in a new proud way, as he pushed the boat holding Metard and the boy into the water. Then he turned and walked away. He, the cripple, would be able to fight for France now as all the whole young men had not done.

Kerenor thought he would be going to St. Lunaire alone, but at the end Etienne and Anne came with him. For the Curé had warned them the Germans had discovered their part in the plot and were searching for them. Their only hope lay in contacting the Commandos and returning to England with them. None of the three knew fear as they made their secret way through woods and over marshes and shifting sands; they had risen above fear. There was a new certainty in both the man's and the boy's faces but Anne's face held the radiance of a girl going out to meet her bridegroom.

The Commandos had come before them. As they looked down on the harbor they saw the flares and the flames. Then came the sound of explosions and the great wall sagged. But they had to hurry now if they were to leave with the victorious Commandos. Their only hope lay in swimming out to the rafts the returning Commandos were trying to reach too. Then Kerenor saw something, the machine gun nest covering the boats and men trying to reach them.

"Keep close to each other," Kerenor whispered. "Swim out to the boats. They'll pick you up."

"But you," Anne looked at him anxiously. "You can't swim. What are you—"

"God be with you," Kerenor said. "If you get to England promise me you will never stop working for France."

France! How much more beautiful the name was, how much more he loved her than when all had been peaceful and good. His heart was strangely tranquil as he crept up the slope as he brought the gun from his pocket and fired. His bullets found the three gunners before they had time to turn around. Then quickly he ran forward taking his place at the gun, directing it now against the Nazis, clearing the way for all of them there in the water, the whole, strong men who would keep on fighting for England and for France. He had only a few moments left to live, Jean Kerenor, the schoolteacher, but to him his whole life was justified in those minutes.

Anne's strength began going as they neared the boats. Suddenly she felt she could not go on. Then she felt arms holding her, first Etienne's, then other arms reaching down for her in the black waters and lifting her to the boat, and then those other arms, those remembered arms she knew even before she opened her eyes. And it was like coming home, lying there in Metard's arms.



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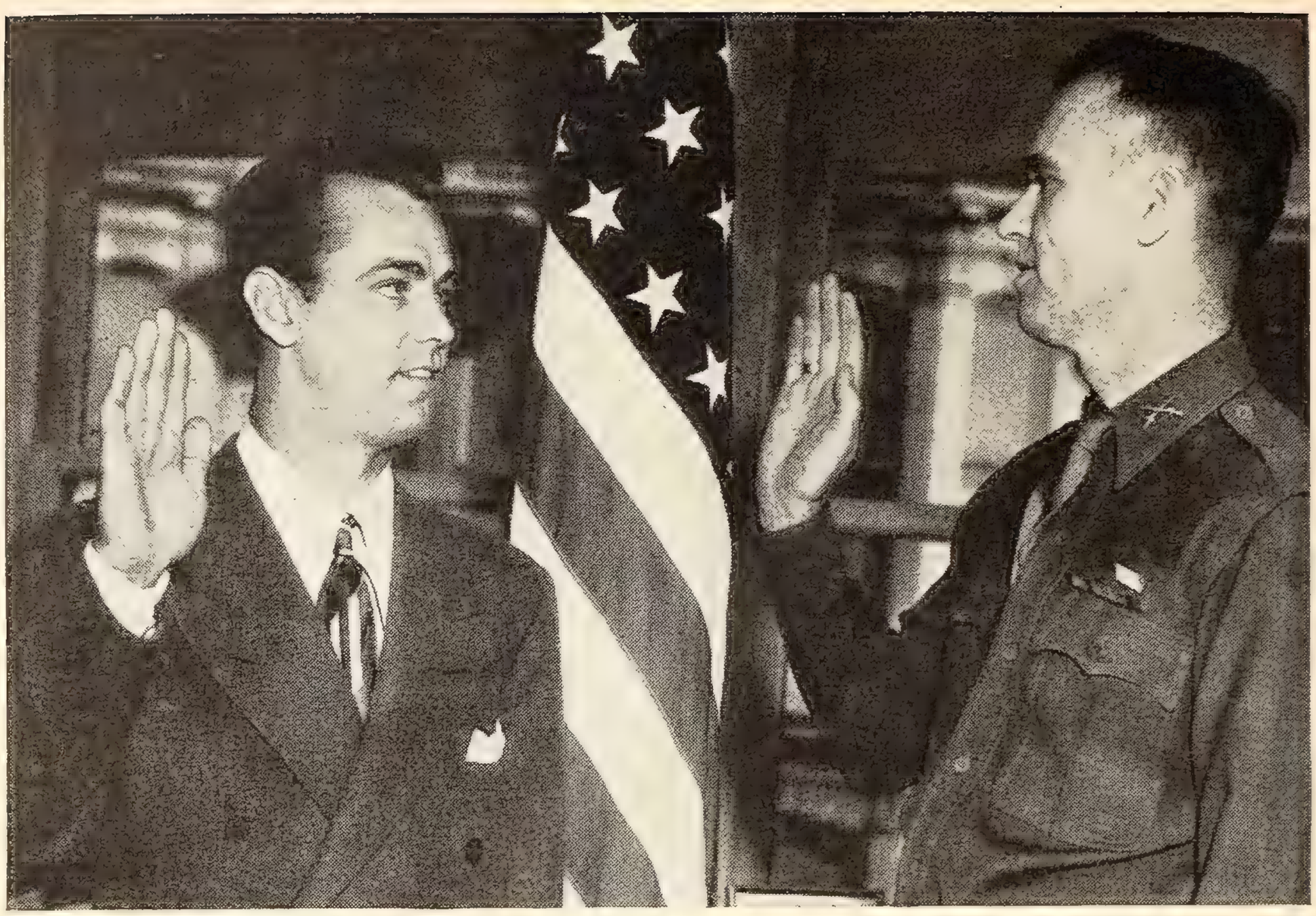
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Evening in Paris

Distributed by

BOURJOIS

Help your Government conserve fine metals . . . save your rouge and lipstick containers and buy refills.



Alan Ladd was recently inducted into the U. S. Army and is shown at left being sworn in by Major Arthur Davidson. Ladd, who is married to Sue Carol, actors' agent and former screen star, announced they are expecting their first child within a short time.

Alan Ladd photo by International. All other photos on these pages by Jean Duval.

SCREEN-TOWN CHATTER

THE publicity boys at Paramount can hardly wait until they film a certain scene for "So Proudly We Hail." In it Paulette Goddard gets slapped by Veronica Lake, yanked by the hair of the head by Claudette Colbert and later on Claudette slaps her again. Don't get us wrong, the girls have been getting along. But any time you give a female and especially an actress, a chance to sock another actress—brother, that's a field day!

PERSONAL to Glenn Ford and Eleanor Powell: We hear you've been looking at houses and pricing rugs and drapes. Weston East is getting grey and crabby from answering (or trying to) questions about you two. Please get married soon, so we can all go back to our Victory stamps. Even Hollywood is beginning to get bored with wondering and waiting.

SOMEWHERE in this world are two young men who are going to be very lucky. The studios need them to fill in for Alan Ladd, now in the Army, and Gig Young who enlisted in the Coast Guard. In a year's time these two actors have really carved out a place for themselves. They're going to be missed on the screen and by those who know them to be the grand guys they are.

TYRONE POWER breathed a huge sigh of relief just before he went off to join the Coast Guard. His sister, whose husband is overseas, is going to live with Annabella for the duration. The sister is expecting a baby and Annabella couldn't be more delighted. Together with her screen work, this will keep Annabella so busy she won't have too much time to feel her heart aching for Tyrone.

TWICE married, oftimes rumored engaged to Gene Markey, to this officer and that officer, to Greg Bautzer (Lana's former boy friend) to this play boy and that millionaire, Carole Landis has finally done it again. She is now the bride of Captain Thomas C. Wallace, a Pasadena boy, who is one of the original members of the R.A.F.'s first American Eagle Squadron. When the bride comes home from London, she's going to find a magnificent new dressing room suite waiting for her at the studio. A wedding present from her bosses.

GINGER ROGERS received her first wedding present from Betty Grable. It was a box containing a pound of butter, a dozen eggs, a pound of sugar and a can of coffee. "What?" cried Ginger, "no meat?"

Shirley Temple was mobbed by service men when she helped at Hollywood Canteen, below.



The unglamorous looking gal tweaking Lou Costello's nose, below, is Veronica Lake. Yep, it's Ronnie all right, getting back at Lou for heckling her at his Bandbox Cafe.





Wonder why Ann Sothern looks so sad when Robert Sterling whispers sweet words to her? Ann's cameo pendant and earring set was a gift from Bob—a family heirloom—so it *must* be love.



See how servicemen clamored for Rita Hayworth's autograph at the Hollywood Canteen, above. Right, Rita helps Kay Kyser get set for a Canteen dish-washing session.



APPROACHING motherhood has done anything *but* dull Rosalind Russell's famous humor. "It's my first B (for Baby) production," Roz told Cary Grant. "So far I like it much better than any A production. I hope to do retakes!"

JOAN LESLIE celebrated her eighteenth birthday dancing with Fred Astaire. She still doesn't know who did it, but someone went over to the prop department and dragged out an old stuffed mangy wolf they've had kicking around for years. When Joan came back from lunch, she found the wolf (wearing a derby hat) sitting in front of her dressing room door!!!

YOU should have seen the eyes pop at a local defense plant, when one of their co-workers arrived in a big shiny car driven by Betty Grable. They didn't know the girl worker was Betty's sister. Having a late call that day, Betty played good samaritan and saved sister Marjorie a bus ride.

WHEN John Payne departed for the service, Jack Oakie gave the "hottest" party Hollywood has ever seen. Someone threw a lighted cigarette on the awning of the apartment below. Every fire engine in town answered the emergency call. John said goodbye in a blaze of glory. Well—anyway a blaze!



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Salute To A Sailor!

Continued from page 52

over and visit Johnny and me and get in with our crowd (when she was Mrs. Payne) and Cesar Romero said you'd find Ann Sothern and the glamor actresses exciting.

But although Ken was as good-looking, and certainly as well-balanced as Mickey Rooney, Bob Stack, Bob Sterling and Jackie Cooper, his contemporaries, he never telephoned back. He was that rare phenomena, the one attractive young man in town who didn't want to be in with the Right People.

What was he doing away from the prescribed spots as soon as the cameras stopped grinding? Plenty! Literally, half the time living the joyous life of Riley, sampling all the fun that those who struggled for Hollywood notoriety automatically missed. The other half of his time he was battling for his breaks. But stubbornly, in his own fashion.

When Joan Crawford, his favorite star because she symbolizes Hollywood to him, invited him to dinner at her home and, later, led Ken and the other guests—Lana, the Ray Millands, and a prominent editor—to her private theater he was delighted that Joan had gone to all the trouble of renting his latest film as the evening's entertainment. Next morning he sent her a corsage of baby orchids, with a sincere thank-you note. He hasn't seen her since; he didn't want to make something out of her thoughtfulness. If they are to be friends, that will be in the cards.

He never cultivated the idle rich who hang around the fringes of Hollywood, partying and flattering the ambitious youngsters. He never could get a kick out of maneuvering, of taking advantage of folks. The only producer's wife he knows is Mrs. Hal Wallis, née Louise Fazenda, wife of the No. 1 Warner producer. He adores Louise because she is so down-to-earth, so real. He had the chance to prove himself an excellent young actor at every studio in town except Warners.

When "The Jones Family" finally disbanded, Ken was up against another of his crises. If he could depend on anything before he got into the Navy it was a good crisis! To the fans he was so familiar as *Jack* that all the casting directors viewed him only as that harum-scarum-but-nice boy. Spring Byington, whom he is proud to count as a friend, was the beloved *Mrs. Jones* and in the same career fix. But Spring has a theory that one reaps what one deserves, provided one sticks to mastering each step, and so with her encouragement Ken continued to bank on being sincerely himself. Today Spring has a long-term contract at M-G-M and Ken has everything he wants, demonstrating that she was mighty wise about both of them.

He nearly beat her to the Metro contract, at that. To establish that he wasn't merely a handsome young juvenile, he enacted a fellow who went wrong for a "Crime Doesn't Pay" short and so brilliantly that he was within inches of signing at Culver City. When he didn't, he went to Universal and further evidenced he was no innocuous boy by topping the Dead End Kids at their toughest. He persuaded Columbia he should be the city slicker who'd give Jane Withers her first kiss, out-foxing the naïve hero, Jackie Cooper. Then he was the meanie who drove *Henry Aldrich* nuts at Paramount, lingering also to be the guy the tune *I Don't Want To Walk Without You, Baby* was written about in "Sweater Girl." And then as the love interest in the best of the "Scattergood Baines," at RKO, he emerged a full-fledged leading man.

So there was the Ken Hollywood knew, pre-Navy. Paramount and RKO were dangling promising contracts. The big build-up was to be his last Spring. And he'd reached there without handing a line to a single soul.

He quit pictures cold. Just as, at an earlier phase, he'd left the ways in which he was reared. But how much had happened to him in that interval!

I can only hint at the complexness of Ken's personal life for while he is honesty itself when you talk to him he is the antithesis of Victor Mature's sort. Ken has instinctive good taste. Sketchily, he's always been the center of excitement. Mary Pickford picked him as the "most beautiful" baby in Los Angeles when he was three. "My mother also won a prize for her Siamese cats," he hastens to add whenever that incident is brought up. At age four the highlight was a fire. A playmate handed him a match and wondered aloud what would occur if it were lit and applied to the pile of expensive children's books being collected for Ken. They were stored in the family garage; fortunately, no car was inside to go up in the flames. At five he made such experiments as the one with the garden hose and the neighbor's front room rug. Ken wanted to see how far the hose would reach, and what would happen if he then turned a flood of water on.

His insistent aliveness drove him perpetually. In school he easily made A's, but he was the teachers' pest rather than pet because he invariably asked why, why, why? That his curiosity has taught him much is belied by his innocent face!

He sampled all sorts of public and private and military schools. At fourteen he got a whipping for starting to smoke; it didn't stop him. He quietly rolled the family car out to the curb before whisking off for adolescent necking parties at fifteen. His mother contended he had sense enough to take care of himself, treated him like an adult, and this did much to make him one long before his years did. His father, a Los Angeles ear specialist, was very authoritative. Ken, able and aggressive, accepted that challenge. He would not go to any stuffy old college. He wanted life and love then and there, with no cramping family fussiness.

So he willingly paid the price for that privilege. From age sixteen on he earned his own way. He stayed up as late as he wished, and learned he enjoyed going to bed early. He drove ninety miles an hour and stayed overnight at the sheriff's house (talking so fast) until he decided he preferred winning a safe driver's award annually. After he progressed to a job in an insurance office he fell in love with a girl working there. He not only turned up where she lived with her aunts every evening for an entire year steady, but he convinced her she should buy a Ford jointly with him. He said they should get their vacations at the same time—and go to Catalina. The aunts never quite revived from the crisis arising when Ken demanded to know why they suspected him. If they didn't, why was a chaperone required?

It was while firmly wooing this girl that he got his first taste of dramatics. They joined "The Two B Club" and starred in the amateur plays. Ken discovered he wanted Hollywood at that point. Why shouldn't he have glory, too? He told his girl she should look like Joan Crawford, his favorite movie star. Ultimately they had their church selected and wedding plans were buzzing—and he was possessed by his craziest notion. The movies—! He gave up

his office job for extra work. And he couldn't support a wife on that. So he broke up with Marguerite.

Hollywood was across town and a whole new bewildering world. He had no good luck—it was all the slow, arduous kind of climb. Extra, then bit player, parts in plays where he prayed he'd be noticed. Sharing boarding-house rooms with eager nobodys, splitting apartment rents. Going hungry for days. Learning that he was extravagant by nature, that he had to build his own credit at banks. But he never once went back to his father for help. He stuck to his independence. And, naturally, it was complicated by the love affairs he had. Money didn't matter in them—he was young and impulsive and charming at the drop of an eyelash.

From each packed chapter he emerged wiser. Gradually he was known as a dependable young actor. He bought a new car every four months, a baby grand piano, always the best of radio-phonograph combinations. And he learned fast. A few rounds with glamor girls and he admired them but chose the far more relaxed girls out of pictures as his companions.

His trip to Europe just before war started there was typical. Ken dashed off between "Joneses." He took $600 when he left New York. He went in style on the Bremen, and as soon as he hit London ducked from the tourists and asked a bobby where a good boarding-house was. In Paris he had a champagne supper at Maxim's, where the fabulous *Merry Widow* was wont to reign, and made his headquarters a ninety-cents-a-day hotel in the Montmartre. England, France, and Italy—Ken mixed with the people. From a fifty-room castle up the Thames, thanks to a Mayfair introduction, to a flirtation at Brighton Beach, from the gondolas of Venice to residence for two glorious weeks in a 13th century palace in Florence with its art treasures and quaint carnivals. Rome, the Vatican, Capri, and he wound up with a Lido crossing back on the Roma where a shipboard romance as-ever-was had its temporary intrigue value. His total expenses in Europe averaged but four dollars a day, and that included all transportation, food, lodging, and entertainment over there!

As he shunned the blasé Ritz Bar in Paris, so did he avoid the artificialities of Hollywood. Ken soon realized fun is spontaneous, and spotlights are dull once you've taken your bow. So last winter he was romancing a stunning brunette from Long Beach. They could really dance on the Hilton Roof there. They could do the beaches in slacks. Having taken apart a model-T Ford he'd bought for the purpose (while a Packard stayed gleaming in his garage) he'd reached the stage of owning a sleek Mercury convertible. It was all black, with all the chromium removed to give it a custom-built effect. His wardrobe bulged with well-tailored clothes for pictures, and he went around in cords and sweaters or sun-shorts, the better to tan in. He couldn't be dragged to Ciro's, nor did he want to live where picture people were supposed to live. Instead, he rented a small, wood-panelled bachelor home at the only beach where he would have no illustrious actor neighbors. And what fun he had there! You had to make friends immediately with his cat (he had a succession of cats named Boots). Then his super automatic record-changer was sure to be going. He had a library of both jive and classic equalling his library of good books. He owned an 8 and 16 mm. movie camera, with projectors and home sound equipment, and took dramas featuring the neighboring high school gang (instead of himself, which is customary Hollywood procedure). He edited and titled these pictures to the kids' amusement. He's never had a music lesson (he wouldn't sit still



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and learn notes) but he can beat out the hottest of boogie bases. Whether waxing musical, romantic, reading, or philosophizing before his fireplace—or popping down to the surf, Ken never had a boring moment between rôles.

But sign the kind of contract he'd worked to win? Last Spring he didn't, because he had reached what he wanted—*and he knew he couldn't accept it!*

He thought long and hard. It would only be a matter of months before he'd be called up. And why delay? Why try to fool himself with a sample of what could have no lasting reality until the war proves victorious? "I did the only thing that was logical," Ken told me when I ran into him recently. "I settled up everything. Closed away everything. And enlisted as a sailor."

Exactly where is he today? That must remain a military secret. He looks marvelously fit. Lithe, broad-shouldered, he was called a perfect specimen by the Navy examiners. When he was asked how he acquired a fourteen-inch difference between his slim waist and wide shoulders he did not say by smoking since he was fourteen! He has a new stride in his sailor suit, which he wears with far more genuine pride than he ever did his expensive Hollywood tweeds. His sailor hat was back on his blond head. "This angle," Ken informed me with a grin, "practically means the brig. We all shove off properly once we're up and have hit the deck, but we sailors maintain these hats look jauntier pushed back. 'Square your hat, sailor!' is the constant cry at Boot Camp, where you get your basic sea training.

"Of course, all this is an absolute change for me. What a time I'm having! It's contrary to everything I knew. I was such an all-out individualist. Now I've learned to join with others for a common cause that is bigger than any one of us. I was sad that first day when they shaved my head, but I recovered.

"I was first shipped to San Diego. There isn't a spare second once you hit Boot Camp. All I wondered was when the next muster would be." Up at 5:30 A.M. and then standing in line for chow, for all the processing. Marching for hours, mastering the sailors' knack for knots, continual cleaning up. For four weeks a fellow is restricted to the camp. So the $21 a month Ken earned at first went entirely for toothpaste and cigarettes and postage and such incidentals. He didn't get the $50 today's enlistees make.

When he went out on a scullery, dump, or garbage detail (everyone has to do this) he might return to find his entire company moved. By asking everyone he ran into he found that everybody else and everything had moved to another section. "One learns not to ask questions, except for sheer necessities."

A sailor, of course, must have his clothes immaculately clean. "Which means a terrible problem for a guy at first! We wash them ourselves. Our bunk must be changed with clean linen and all the clothes in our sea-bags must be folded in the regulation manner. That was apt to take two hours. Then we'd have a four-hour guard duty from 12 midnight until 4 A.M. in the middle of our night." After the first month come the liberty passes, but they may be switched to suit exigencies.

"After basic training each sailor is allowed to choose what he wants to specialize in. Here is democracy for you! I found I could qualify either for the Signal Corps or as a Hospital Corpsman." Stiff intelligence tests passed, he again went into one of his self-reliant conferences with himself.

"The Navy has the world's finest doctors, we think. I could learn about emergency operative technique. Peer into test tubes and study anti-toxins. Learn to help my fellow men." That now seemed important to him.

He began describing the U.S.O. in his letters to the family. "They understood when I said I was crazy to get at a piano; they sent a gang of us to the grandest private home and when we got through jiving I also found the art of conversation isn't dead." Shortly he was revealing his Navy choice. He felt it would please the family if he went into the medical branch. And he wanted to please the family, now. Sometimes even a truly kind boy can forget a family in the rush for success in Hollywood. The nature of the picture business makes for too much thinking of self and not enough of others. "No time . . . can't do it today . . . sorry, but I've a call from a studio and I've got to rush . . . gotta get more sleep. . . ." Pressing, rushing, nervous ambition seems so essential.

Ken's father showed me some of these letters, glancing every little bit at the service star which is mute evidence of how much Ken is missed in that household. "What could be more useful than helping my fellow men, as you have done? Maybe I used to claim school was too boring for me. But you should see me studying now! This is different, perhaps. Anyway, we're becoming first and foremost men of war. Secondly, we Hospital Corpsmen are fulfilling a need. You'd laugh about my nails; they're so clean and sterilized all the time!"

When he joined the Navy, learned to think of others, to think of his own family, Ken, through letters, saw what a real honest-to-goodness American family can be.

Another week and his father was reading, "I'm mad about my 'new position in life.' I feel like a doctor already! My principal duties at present are to keep the patient comfortable, see that he has water, take his temperature, see that his medicine is by his side and keep his bed neat and clean. As I progress toward my next rating, I'll watch operations and learn minor surgery. On board ship I'll eventually have charge, I hope, of part of the ship's hospital. I now have eleven patients to handle, with the help of another Corpsman who, by the way, seems to have disappeared at present! I now feel a part of the Navy and am so anxious to get out and 'do something' along with the others. And I hope I can be a fine Corpsman, fine enough to heal their wounds and treat correctly. You have no idea how they depend on us. I've had my eyes opened to what men can be like during war time. None of the wounded ever express a regret at being shot up. I am never going to forget what I am learning in the Navy: *all* men need to become *human beings,* to be really aware of one another. Van Loon says, 'We are all passengers on this planet, so why don't we help one another, and learn to get along?' I wonder why all this slips from us when peace is once again upon our funny world? Well, I am continuously dumbfounded by the little kindnesses sailors show to one another each day. If civilians would live and cooperate as these men do I'll bet there'd be no need for philosophy."

When I mentioned having seen his father to Ken he pulled out a letter he was saving. "Can you imagine," he muttered, "he signed himself 'Dad.' He always seemed so reserved when I was little."

His father had written this Navy son: "I am very much pleased to learn from you that your whole soul is in the work as now assigned. You are extremely fortunate that you are so mentally constructed as to see the need for this attitude, otherwise you would be very much disturbed. The country needs more boys like you who can, for the time being at least, forget the inconveniences the emergency presents and

put everything one has into the now. Such boys get places, and I am very proud that my son has the stuff it takes for half-heartedness never won anything and it will not win this war we are unfortunately in. Time now is the decisive factor, and when it's over over there I hope sincerely you will be spared to return proudly holding your head up, realizing you have done your duty to your country faithfully. The mail man just handed me your letter of yesterday. I am happy as I get the spirit it presents. Keep up the good work, Ken; that's the attitude that will merit recognition. It's possible you will receive much more than you can possibly give. With love, Dad."

Ken treasures that letter! Sometimes a father and son are too much alike to appreciate one another at first.

George O'Brien is now greeting new recruits at the Navy's Boot Camp in San Diego, and he gave Ken a glowing talk on what his new phase would mean. When he left for San Pedro, where he began in the ultra-modern Naval Dispensary there, Ken didn't have time to say goodbye to George. But he hasn't forgotten his good advice.

"Do you know a fellow feels important in the Navy," Ken went on when we got together. "I never did when I was working in pictures. In Hollywood you never know whether you'll ever get your due reward. Just being a good actor won't do enough for you. Now I've no car, no flock of clothes, none of the luxuries any more. But a sailor has something better—a feeling of kinship.

"There is a sense of competition in the Navy that's keen. The Navy doesn't keep you supposing, as Hollywood did me. Here they have the honor system for everyone. You know that nobody can cheat, that personalities don't enter into your ratings except when you deserve a raise. Your average sailor has his head tucked into a book of an evening, is perpetually preparing for oral and written exams. The grade you make is what represents you, and so you enter whole-heartedly into the competition. Sailors aren't snobs about their respective ranks, either; we just know a fellow has earned his rating."

Ken has found his family and a new outlook on life, but that is not all. What do you suppose has also happened? Once he said goodbye to everyone and everything, and was in the very middle of the strenuous schedule at Boot Camp, he received a letter. From a particularly attractive redhead named Marguerite Thomson. She wasn't famous, and she wasn't a fan. By a strange coincidence (true love *never* runs smooth) she is his original sweetheart, the one before any of his Hollywood chapters!

With no more certainty about his future than his innate belief in himself, he began a new courtship. She sent him home-made fudge. When she came down from Los Angeles the first time Ken's liberty was affected by a switch in liberty orders, and she had to roam around for hours and never see him that week-end because he couldn't even phone out of camp.

He didn't lavish any movie actor flourishes. All he offered her was sailor Ken Howell. That was all she'd wanted in the first place. It took a complete change in his way of life to make him realize he wanted to share everything with Marguerite.

She has no knowledge of Hollywood conditions, but she has a faith and love for Ken that the years have deepened. No matter what is in store for him with the fleet, she'll be waiting. She knows he was unpredictable, goofy, overly-imaginative, but so honest.

It was a lovely wedding, simple and informal and impressive. Because Mar-

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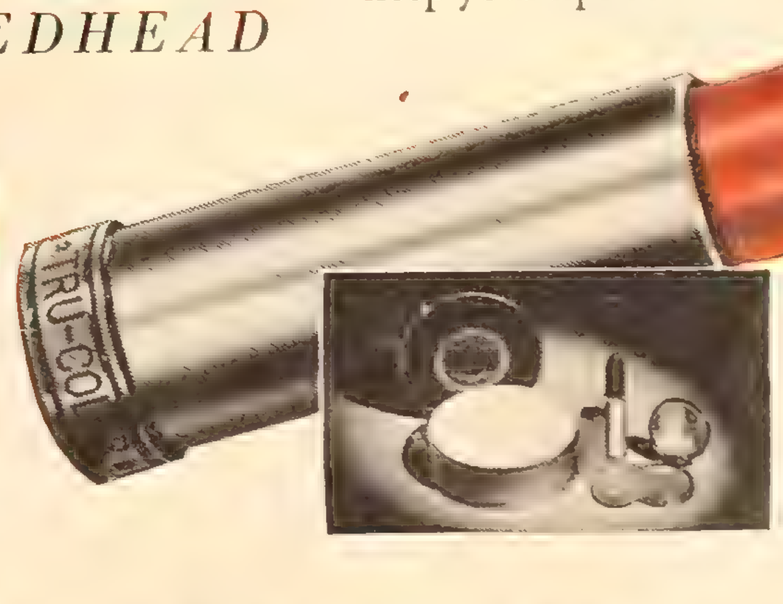
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guerite's parents aren't living, and Ken's family wanted to start the two of them off right, it took place at his father's house. There was a background of ferns, flanked by large floor bouquets of white chrysanthemums, for the minister. There were thirty-six guests, and a lot of nice presents. Marquerite and Ken dripped happiness. Ken called the tin cans tied to the car pure corn, but would have hated to have departed without 'em. He wears a plain gold band, too, for it was a double ring ceremony. When he put out his right, rather than his left hand, for her to put his ring on his finger he even admitted to himself he was nervous! Being Ken, he winked at his bride during the ceremony. And when he was back on duty, someone duly remarked, "He looks like a Bromo-Seltzer, effervescing all over the hospital!"

Ken never wanted a home, pre-Navy. But he's bought a little California cottage at his favorite beach for his bride to wait in. As she unpacked the things he'd expected to be stored for the duration, she also experienced gratitude to the Navy.

"Afraid to take a chance on marriage in these days? Not Ken and I!" A tender smile crossed her lips, deepened the blue of her eyes. "Ken is a man, and what more does a woman want? He doesn't duck decisions. He doesn't follow the line of least resistance. I don't know a thing about Hollywood, myself, but I know Ken isn't one of those hammy types because he isn't moody nor easily discouraged. He hardly ever mentions studio problems; he says a man's work is but a part of his life. He has never had to 'stay in character' when he's been on a picture." She tried not to look out at the vast, enigmatic Pacific Ocean which stretched deceptively calm as far as we could see. "I love him," she said.

When Ken returns from his Navy days he'll not be alone as he was when he left Hollywood. He'll be ready for its rewards because he has done his duty to his country, and to himself.

Portrait Of A Pixie

Continued from page 33

She always thinks people mean it, and is sad.

She is, however, far from humorless. She thinks funny things are *very* funny. A few days ago, she dialed a number on the telephone. She thought she was calling her dentist. When she gave her name the doctor said cosily, "How's Baby?" Well, my word, thought Geraldine, I know the man but I didn't think I knew him this well! It developed that she had, by mistake, dialed her infant son's pediatrician.

She is, at first glance, a conventional-looking girl. Slender. Quiet. Air of breeding. Russet hair. Fair skin. Nice hands and feet. Wears bright colors as, on the day we lunched, sage green gabardine slacks, a blouse of striped blue and white, a jewelled belt. When you look at her longer, and closer, her hair has orange lights and her eyes have green lights. (This is reporting, not rhetoric.) Her best friends are still "Livvy" and "Idesy." They insist that she looks like a "mad poet." They say that when they go to call on Geraldine they take a butterfly net. They further insist that there is no one like her in the world, not anywhere.

Mad or sane, when you are with her, you do get an impression that anything may happen. Not from what she says or does. Just *from*—

Come to think, though, in the course of conversation she will, and did, remark, "I had a psychic last night." "So?" you answer, in the same matter-of-fact way, you hope. "I used to have them a lot," she continues, companionably, "but the other night, just as I was going off to sleep, I suddenly knew that, in the morning, the baby's nurse would awaken me to tell me that we had better call the doctor because Michael's bee sting seemed to be getting worse. Nurse was so surprised when, the next morning, before she had said two words, I took the pillow off her face and said, 'Quite all right, Nurse, *call him.*'"

Then, too, Geraldine has a friend who "separates" herself. But there, we won't go into that. It is beyond our powers, which are merely mortal.

She dislikes being called "Fitz."

She can't bear to be bored. It makes her physically ill, actually nauseated. She avoids it by boring the borers. "I start telling them long stories about myself, beginning with 'Now, when I was four—' They never come back."

Having always worn her hair long, she sat in a hairdresser's one day, a few months ago. She was, as usual, reading a book, and lost in it. She directed "Trim it, please," and forgot where she was. When she came to she found that the barber, misunderstanding, had cut it short. She didn't mind. She is singularly impervious to the things that put most girls in a tizzy. It is now shoulder-length, and charming.

The prima donna is not in her. On the day of our interview I was, unavoidably, an hour late. Any other star would have walked out on me fifty-five minutes before or would have been sitting on her dignity when I arrived, burning me in effigy. Geraldine was sitting on her feet, drinking coffee, absorbed in a book, and as amiable as anything.

She likes clothes if she doesn't have to shop for them. Also she has a dream version of herself. In this dream, she sees herself as much taller than she is, and with bright red hair "like Nancy Coleman's." Since, in her mirror, she never comes up to her dream version she is apt to be casual about what she wears. Also in her dream, she has terrible rows with people "because, waking, I am rather gentle."

She is a fan of Ginger Rogers and Barbara Stanwyck. She said, "They are incredibly skillful at their craft."

She is happily married, very. "My love life," she informed me, with a mischievous grin, "is okay. Sorry! Doesn't make copy, does it? I asked my husband if, for the sake of glamor, he'd mind if I dreamed up a little scandal. He said that he would."

These are the clues in the Fitzgerald case. Now sit in with us over the luncheon table in the Green Room at Warner Brothers, where Geraldine, released for the day from the set, her feet still tucked under her, put the clues together and made the pieces fit:

"I have been going into periodic retirement," she said, "but I won't do so any longer. Circumstances that could not always be avoided were responsible for a couple of the retirements. Contract problems which, me being me, were also unavoidable, account for the others.

"When I first came to Hollywood, I had a contract specifying that I give the studio six months of the year, take the other six months to go home to Ireland, or do a play. But when I could no longer go home and, as my free time always fell in the summer which is not the season for plays, so I couldn't do one, it was no good to me.

"When it came time to sign a new contract, the studio said 'Forty weeks a year.' 'No, I wouldn't like that,' I told them.

"I didn't want the forty weeks because

I don't like to be beholden. I don't like to be bounden. I am positively neurotic about what I call being 'squeezed.' By calendars, time tables, clocks, specified numbers of days, weeks, months, years, on a piece of paper. It gives me a kind of mental claustrophobia.

"If someone said to me, 'I'll give you a million dollars if you will tie yourself up for ten years,' I couldn't do it. I genuinely could NOT do it. I would languish. I would not do good work.

"What I would really like is to have no contract, no document, nothing in writing, just make a picture here and there, when, as and if. Having at least one foot on the ground, however, I know that is not possible, is not business.

"I said, then, 'Why don't you let me go?' 'No,' the studio replied.

"I said, 'Why don't I do two pictures a year, when it suits your time?' 'Four pictures,' the studio came back at me. 'Two,' I said.

"'Two,' 'Four,' 'Four,' 'Two' it went, back and forth, like a fast game of table tennis.

"All this time, months were passing. Nine months, to be exact. The time came when something had to be decided. I would not budge from the 'two pictures.' At last, 'All right,' the studio said, 'two pictures, with an option on a third.' All right,' *I* said, 'so long as I may make a third, also, wherever I may want to make it.' So it was settled. In addition, the studio brought smiles to my rosy face by allowing that I could do radio work and theater, too.

"Now I feel that I have the best working contract in town. I feel," Geraldine's hand made a gesture, describing limitless space, *"free,"* she said.

"It may, you know, be my gypsy blood," she continued, "I am supposed to have a lot of gypsy blood in my veins. From my mother's side. The women of my family have some very curious qualities. I have for instance, no sense of possessions. Possessions, in other words, have no possession over me. I do not want to own a house, or furniture, or any small objects most women collect, and cherish. I do not want to own anything. Or *anyone*. Or stay in one place too long.

"Since I am, of course, inconsistent, I like pictures. I buy pictures, modern ones. I like jewelry, too, and have some very lovely pieces, gifts from my husband.

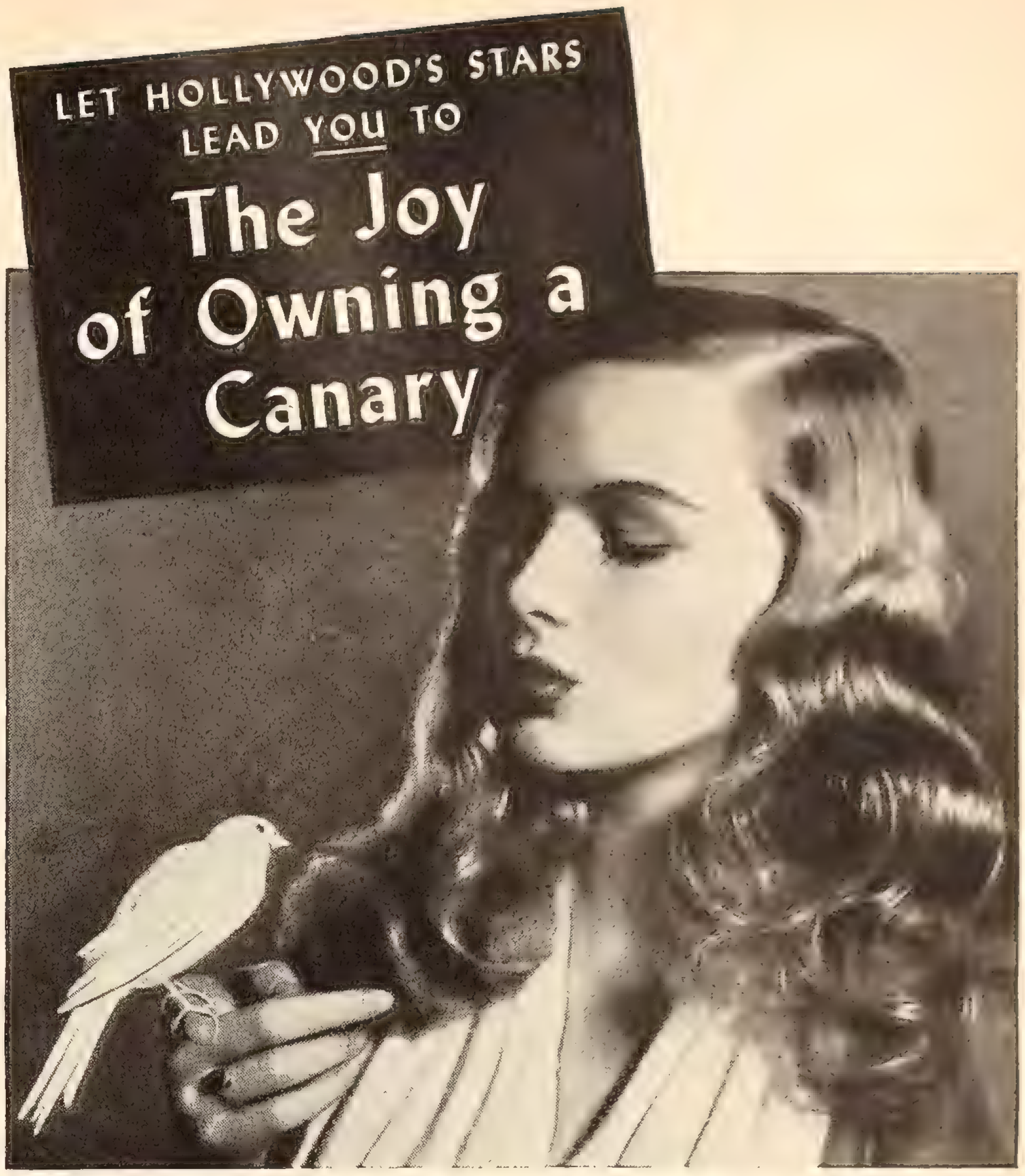
"But for the most part things, as such, leave me disinterested and indifferent. I have been given a new dressing room here at the studio, and I have never seen it. I believe it is very nice. But I make up in the make-up department and I can sit down anywhere.

"I have no sense of comfort at all. Not, that is, as other people commonly consider comfort. I will sleep on anything so long as it is possible to lie down. Merle Oberon once told me that she always travels with her own sheets and pillow-slips. Adorable, I thought, but— *I* wouldn't notice.

"At my house you are sure to trip over the baby's toys. But it is always warm and there is enough food. Beyond this, I do not try to go. I like people to be amiable. I can't stand a clean house and glum faces. Odd, I think, how often the two seem to go together. I love Boris Karloff's house because of the garden, the beautiful informal garden which is the work of Boris' heart and hands, a gypsy's garden.

"My mother used to say that we were 'tinkers.' When I was growing up she often used to say, 'Now we have another tinker in the family.'

"My maternal grandfather was a terrific connoisseur of fine furniture and pictures. But they drove my grandmother mad. Collections, she said, suffocated her. When grandfather died, she auctioned them off, all of them, regardless of value or price.



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The gypsy strain comes, as I said, from the distaff side."

But, Geraldine explained, she is not positive about her gypsy blood. "An authority on gypsies," she said, "once told me that I look exactly like a blonde gypsy. Then she asked me my mother's maiden name. I told her, Richards. I added that my mother's mother's name was Green. 'Ahh,' said the Authority, 'but Richards and Green are gypsy names, and have long been.'

"The Pied Piper," Geraldine added, "remember? Well, legend has it that of the people who followed him into the mountain, those who came out on the other side were all named Green!

"It is, at any rate, an interesting hypothesis. It would account for me, quite simply, in many ways.

"But to go back—since I do not like to possess anything, it follows that I do not like anything to possess me."

"Strange, rather," I suggested, "that, feeling as you do, you should have married. Isn't that being 'bounden' and 'beholden'? A contract?"

"No. No, you are only bound in marriage by your own wish, actually. That is different. That is not, you see, being bound at all. If you do not love, you do not marry. If you do not love, you do not stay married. Or I would not. So that is very different. With a child, too. You are bound to your child, also by your wish. He does not ask to be born. These are the things of tenderness, of the blood and of the heart, not of pen and ink and paper, of calendars and time-tables and schedules. There are no time limits set on them, nor laws laid down.

"Besides, I think I am like my mother, who was also a tinker. My mother let her children 'go.' It was quite extraordinary. The result is that none of us left her, in spirit. That is the way it is, and the way it will continue to be, I hope, with my son and me."

"But all this," I said, "this freedom, this daring to say 'No' to contracts, this last, long absence from the screen, doesn't it frighten you? What has it done to your career?"

"It doesn't frighten me in the least because I am not afraid of anything that has to do with money. Not caring for possessions, I have less use for money than many others. Nor am I afraid of absences from the screen. I feel that *I am an actress.* Since no one and nothing can take from us what we are, I can always wait.

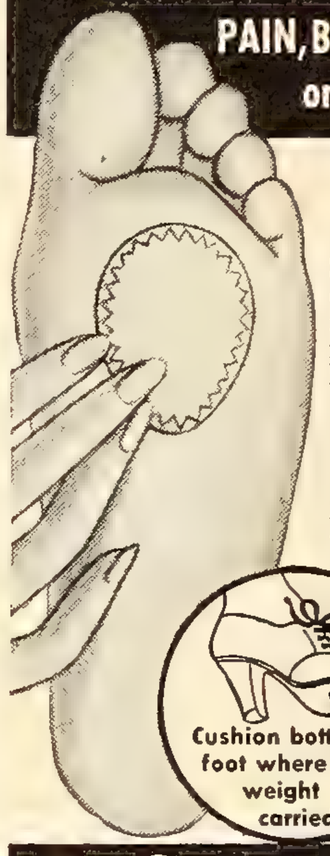
"No, really, I am not afraid. And I really don't know whether my absence has hurt my Hollywood career, or not. But this I do know—it has not hurt *me* at all, my absence. I have not been marking time. I have accomplished as much in inner growth as I would have done in years of playing rôles that squeezed me. As much? Oh, more, much more.

"During those months I did, among other things, a play in Santa Barbara. 'Lottie Dundass.' A part so perfect for me, I went off like a bomb. *Now I know what I should do.* I have constantly played on the screen, the victim of other peoples' characters. Always I have been the victim. In 'Lottie Dundass,' I was the victimizer. I am a victimizer in my heart," said Gentle Geraldine whose eyes at the moment, Gentle Reader, did not look exactly gentle, "not a victim," she said. "My 'pixie' aura probably misleads people. But pixies, you know, are grim little people. They can wield bludgeons in their two-bit hands.

"Also, while I was off the screen, while the contract controversy was waging, I went to New York to see about having 'Lottie Dundass' rewritten for the stage. I want to do it in New York. And I will do it, too, one of these days.

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"In 'The Gay Sisters,' I had a part I like very much. I steal my sister's man. I am corrupt and gay, and do not care. I am a victimizer. It suits me very well. 'Watch On The Rhine' I am liking, too. Not corrupt this time, but with calibre. This, too, suits me very well.

"So I think," said Geraldine, "I feel that I shall not 'retire' again. For any reason. There is no longer any compulsion to do so, or any necessity."

But who knows about Geraldine, including Geraldine herself? Who can tell? A pixie is not much of a 'sitter' for a portrait, or for anything else. That is why they are exciting, no doubt, because they are half-seen and heard, and half-imagined —and wholly unpredictable.

Wacky Private Life of Betty Hutton

Continued from page 29

shoulders, Betty signed her first long term contract.

And then the most amazing thing happened to Betty Hutton! She moved right out of that swanky penthouse into an unpretentious house near the Planetarium. She turned in her snazzy car, second only in flash-appeal to the red number driven by Lana Turner, for one more conservative, and less gasoline-consuming. She stopped going to Ciro's and the Mocambo every night. "I had my contract and my raise," said Betty with a delightful gurgle. "Now I could live like I wanted to. I didn't have to impress anybody."

Don't tell me that Betty Hutton is a bounding bit of blonde fluff, a dynamic screwball who doesn't know enough to come in out of the rain! She knows enough to come in out of the rain, all right, and being a big-hearted girl she'll drag you in, too.

The night I met Betty she was tearing into a delicious steak at Lucey's. "I never get enough steak," she said. "When Mother, sister Marion and I lived in Lansing, Michigan, we didn't have enough money to eat meat regularly. When I joined Vincent Lopez I used to order steaks three times a day. Vincent called me Steak House Hutton. Some of those steaks must have been pretty tough, but I've never seen one yet I couldn't eat."

Betty wore beautifully tailored slacks. She still has the grand duchess wardrobe, and paid for too, but now that she's a movie star she frankly admits that she prefers slacks. "I'm sick of night clubs," she added, "but when I do go out at night I like simple, black, well-fitted dinner clothes. But my taste in clothes hasn't always been so good," she gave out with another of her gurgles. "You should have seen me when I first went to New York, when I was fourteen years old. I had make-up smeared all over my face, you'd have thought I was about to hang from my teeth in a circus. And I had on every color of the rainbow, blouse, suit, bag, shoes, stockings, nothing matched. Only Carmen Miranda could have gotten by with my hat. And ten-cent store bracelets way up to *here!* I thought I was pretty snappy until I looked around and saw that all the smart looking New York-women wore black. As soon as I could get some money, I wore black, too."

Betty had been out on the Paramount Ranch in the Valley where she is working in "The Miracle of Morgan's Creek" since eight that morning, and every morning for the past three weeks. The ride home by bus at night is long and wearing.



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All the other stars I know would have rushed right home, and had a tray and an aspirin in bed. But here was Betty, fresh as a two-year-old. Her vitality is the envy of Hollywood. She throws back her head and she fills a room with laughter that comes right from the soles of her feet. Five minutes with Betty pick you up faster than an unexpected check. When I told her how wonderful it was to find a star who was not all tied up in knots, and who wasn't suffering from complexes and inhibitions, she said, "Honey, I'm afraid I'm not within myself! No two ways about it, I guess I'm just a show-off."

After her success in "The Fleet's In" Paramount put her in "Happy Go Lucky" and "Star Spangled Rhythm" where she pepped things up considerably. The way she sings *He Says Murder, He Says* in the former, and *I'm Doing It For Defense* in the latter, is a gloom-chaser if I ever saw one. With a personality so vivacious and refreshing Betty could well spend the rest of her cinema days taking falls with Eddie Bracken and putting over songs in Paramount's better musicals. But Preston Sturges, Paramount's writer-producer-director "genius," decided that Betty Hutton was an actress, as well as a personality, so he not only asked for her for his next picture ("The Miracle of Morgan's Creek") but wrote the part especially for her. Which is a compliment indeed.

About her broken engagement to Perc, the handsomest of the Westmore beauty salon brothers, Betty said, "Perc was more fun than any one else I had ever met. He had a wonderful sense of humor and we had grand times together. I could relax with him—and, believe me, after a strenuous day at the studio, knocking myself out trying to be funny, it was certainly a relief to have a date with a man who was sweet and considerate and completely un-complex. I was enjoying being in love with Perc.

"Shortly after I started going with him he became a private in Uncle Sam's Army. There was something about that uniform I suppose—anyway, I was carried away by the emotionalism of the war. And when he proposed to me I was pleased and flattered and very much in love. Soon after we announced our engagement, he was sent to Camp Roberts in the northern part of California. When I became engaged to him I didn't think of marriage as immediate.

"Perc was going away to war. If he hadn't been I might not have been so sure of my own heart. In fact, I wasn't. Because when he was released from service, with an honorable discharge, and returned to Hollywood, and marriage was inevitable, I found that I wasn't sure enough.

"I felt it was fairer to Perc, and to myself, to break a formal engagement at once. I don't believe in letting things drag on and on. I returned his ring and tried to explain my feelings in the matter. He understood—and that's all there is to it. Although it sounds corny, we are still very good friends. My family is crazy about him. As a matter of fact, he's quite the nicest guy I've ever known."

Paramount's most promising young star was born in Battle Creek, Michigan, February 26, 1921. Soon after Betty was born, Mrs. Hutton, who had become the sole support of her two little daughters, moved to Lansing where there were factories where she could find work. Betty has always been close to her mother—she calls her Kitten—and she remembers still her bruised and bleeding fingers when she returned at night from the factory. "Some day," the child would say with tears in her eyes, "I'll see that you don't have to work so hard. I'll get you a fur coat and an automobile and a maid to do your work." Betty kept her promise.

At the age of eleven the youngest of the Huttons started her singing career. When



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the cops weren't looking, and they had a way of turning their heads at the right time, she would sing popular songs of the day in cafés and on street corners. Then she'd take up a collection. One Saturday she cleared a good $10. "We had meat for Sunday," added Betty.

Betty was very sensitive about a scar she had on her face when she was a kid, the souvenir of an enthusiastic baseball game. "With that scar and my straw-colored hair I was awfully unattractive," she said. "Marion was the beauty. When the boys came to call their eyes would nearly pop out when they saw Marion. They just looked right around me. Marion would smile sweetly, without even lifting a finger, and the boys would swoon. I'd knock myself out to be entertaining. I guess I learned then that if I was ever going to get people to notice me I'd have to make a lot of noise."

Betty tried to crash Broadway when she was fourteen. But no one would believe she was twenty-one, and no one would give her a job. A kindly old fellow in a booking office advised her to go back to Lansing, start her singing career there, and then when she was more experienced return to New York. He loaned Betty the fare home, and Betty decided that life was over for her at fourteen.

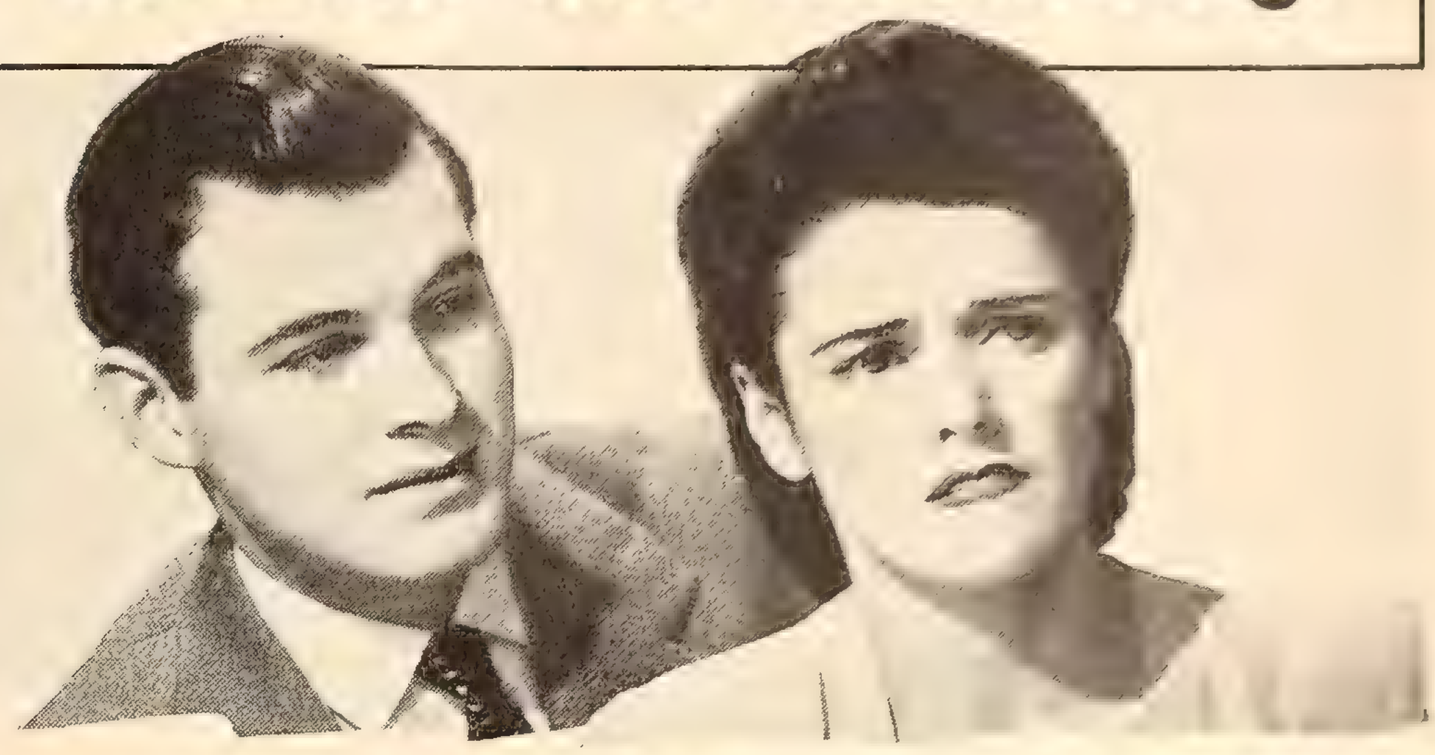
The winter she attained the ripe old age of fifteen she was given a chance to sing at a local Lansing hotel. Her first night she got a "break." Dining at the hotel that night was Vincent Lopez. He heard Betty sing, and was so impressed with her freshness and enthusiasm that he offered her a job singing with his band. The next week she opened at the Fox Theatre in Detroit. Betty admits she was a disappointment to Lopez, but he was a tender-hearted guy and didn't want to fire her. A year later when he signed for an engagement at the Casa Manana in New York he took Betty along. Billy Rose was opening the place, and he had signed a dozen or more great entertainment stars for his show, stars with big names. Betty discovered to her horror that she was slated to open the show! It was her job to go out and sort of warm up the folks for the big acts to come.

"The orchestra began to play and I bounded onto the stage and grabbed the microphone," Betty told me. "Gee, I was scared stiff! Everyone was busy eating, and didn't even bother to look at me. I've never seen so many people busy shoving food in their faces. How can I compete with soup and salad? I groaned. So I decided I might as well cut loose and make so much noise they'd *have* to notice me. The more desperate I got the bolder I got. The pink slip for me tomorrow anyway, I thought. I slammed the mike and it went off with a crash, so I just had to raise my voice and sing at the top of my lungs. Not bothered with a stationary mike I leaped about the stage, and at the end of my song I grabbed the curtain, and using it as a rope, I swung right off the stage a la Tarzan."

In the next few seconds Betty aged ten years. New York audiences are as sophisticated as all get-out (they really aren't, but Betty thought so). Would they hiss and boo all this corny monkey-business? She didn't have to wait long for her answer. The audience proceeded to beat the tables with their knives, stamp their feet and yell and scream for more. Betty had to sing again and again. The next morning Billy Rose called her to his office, and said with a smile, "Young lady, you're in. Don't change a thing. But I have one request. Please don't tear down my nice new club!"

And out of the whole thing came Hollywood instead of death.

I *felt* his stare... and felt like screaming



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With Kay Kyser At An Army Camp

Continued from page 21

for him. That's why this band is such a success. Everyone in it is having a grand time—and all of the time.

"Well—look who's here!" Ishkabibble interrupted himself. "It's Georgia Carroll. Gosh! Isn't she beautiful!

"Kay always invites a film celebrity along," Ishkabibble informed, brushing that long strand of bangs off his forehead. "A gorgeous girl dresses up the show—and gives the men in uniform a break.

"Kay's had Linda Darnell, Marlene Dietrich, Carole Landis, Ann Sothern, and many more on these trips."

"Everybody happy?" asked Kay, as fresh as though he'd had eight hours sleep, which we knew he hadn't. There was much yodeling, good-natured ribbing and betting on a ball game between Kay and his men. The bus left Sunset and Vine. We were on our way.

"Georgia, what can you do when I present you to the men at Gardner Field?" Kay asked Georgia. The Army camps like their lady visitors as feminine as possible. So Georgia had worn her blonde hair in a halo with a crimson red shawl draped most effectively on her head and on the shoulders of a smart pale green velvet suit.

"I have never done anything besides model and act in pictures," Georgia smiled. "Most of my acting has been show-girl entrances with my lines left on the cutting room floor," she added with a sigh. (Georgia, as you know, was New York's top model when Hollywood sent for her. She was in "Ziegfeld Girl," a "Navy Blues" Sextet girl for Warners, in "DuBarry Was A Lady" for M-G-M and now she's featured in M-G-M's "Girl Crazy." You see her smiling at you on the billboards, in the toothpaste, bridal, beer and all sorts of ads.)

"Well—let's see. You've got to do something!" Kay said. "Say, can you sing?"

"A little," Georgia admitted.

"Okay! You think of the words of two songs—and no matter what you do—the band won't let you down if you'll sing them."

Georgia was in a pretty fettle—trying to memorize words when the bus pulled to a stop in San Fernando Valley near Chatsworth. Who should get on but Lucille Ball!

"Hiya, fellahs," said Lucille gleefully. "Here I am, curl pins and all. But don't worry—I'll be set when we get to camp."

Lucille's pale red tresses—a new color for her "Du Barry Was A Lady" and "Best Foot Forward"—were pinned in round finger curls all over her head. She wore a pale yellow scarf of chiffon for cover. And she hung a dress on a hanger along with the bright orange coats of the band boys—on a rack in the back of the bus. So she too would look fresh and unwrinkled when we arrived at camp.

"Here, Lucille. Here's a script. I whipped it up for us to do this afternoon. See what you think of it?"

While Lucille studied the script, I asked Kay if he had actually written the script. All of the movies' funny men are knee-deep with writers—gag-writers, who think themselves bald seven days a week trying to think up gags and clever scripts for the comedians.

"Sure I wrote it," Kay said. "I write most of my stuff. I don't have a staff of writers. I hire one man—whose sole duty is to find jokes for me. The rest of it—I arrange on the run."

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"How can you do all of this? You'll have a nervous breakdown or something," I persisted. Sully Mason had just related their schedule for the past week. I didn't see how it was humanly possible for any one man to have so much energy. For example: On Wednesday, Kay flew into town from Chicago just in time to rehearse and then go on the air for his broadcast. He'd wrtten the script for most of it on the plane flying in. After the broadcast he and his men had taken a bus for San Diego to play at a naval hospital the next day. They'd given four shows in San Diego and returned that night. Early Friday morning they put on a show for the Douglas Aircraft plant. Friday afternoon Kay was on a plane bound with his band for a ship just back from the Solomons with thousands of men who'd been in combat in the Pacific. Saturday morning he was back and the band rehearsed new numbers, made a recording, made an appearance at Victory House to sell bonds, played at the Hollywood Canteen for five hours of solid dancing, and this morning we were on our way. By nine that night Kay would just make a train for San Francisco, where he was scheduled on the morrow to speak at Henry Kaiser's shipyards. The band would follow the next day by train to play at naval bases and shipyards in the Golden Gate area. They had to be back in Hollywood on Wednesday for their own broadcast. And the next day, Thursday, they were starting Kay's new picture, "Right About Face," at M-G-M, with Arizona Army camps scheduled for the next Sunday.

"There's nothing to it," Kay said. I was surprised, for he was downright humble in attitude. "It's the greatest privilege I've ever had—entertaining the men in service," Kay continued—as the bus joggled along at 35 per—on a desert road towards the north of California.

"At the Naval Base hospital in San Diego the other day, I saw a young lad who'd wiped out a machine gun nest of Japs at Tulagi. A hero in the Solomons. There he was with his two legs strapped in casts. And he said, 'Gee, I never thought I'd shake hands with you, Kay Kyser.' Tears came to my eyes," Kay continued. "It was my privilege and great honor to shake hands with him. An American hero!

"No one has any idea of the heroism. Of the will and the relentless effort and work of everybody, everywhere to help win this war. In the shipyards you see 2000 men all working on one ship. Where once it took months, a year to turn out that ship, now they are doing it and doing a 100% job in mere hours. You talk to any one of those men and you feel more humble at your own effort."

"But what about your health and vitality? This constant traveling and lack of sleep?" I asked.

"All anyone has to do is obey the general principles of health. Eat right. Drink plenty of water and fruit juices. Be sure that one's body is functioning normally every day. That is all important. Some people neglect or don't take time to bother about their health. Naturally, they get sick. I make up for sleep as I travel. And I've only had one doctor bill in the two years I've been keeping up this hectic schedule. Once I got a cold. I couldn't talk above a whisper. I went to see a doctor for something for my throat. That was the only time."

"And the expense of taking an entire band all over the country?"

"That's doing my job," Kay replied. "We work enough broadcasts and make pictures to have traveling and expense money." Kay didn't go farther. Or he might have said that he pays the band members a full salary. They all have families and responsibilities. Kay personally foots the bills.

Since the Kay Kyser-Ginny Simms romance seems to have broken up, Kay hasn't seriously engaged in another. It's my personal opinion that he is still deeply in love with her. It was Kay who made Ginny the star she is today. Ginny was a music marm giving the home-town kids in Fresno, California, lessons at fifty cents an hour when she heard Betty Grable singing with Ted Fio Rito's band. Ginny headed for Hollywood and talked Kay into giving her an audition with his band.

"Kay wasn't enthusiastic about a girl vocalist," Ginny once told me. "He'd never had a girl singer. And he wasn't in favor of one."

But Kay took one look at Ginny and simply couldn't get her off his mind. He kept remembering her and finally sent for her. She had never taken a singing lesson. But from that day a series of lessons, in singing, diction, clothes, grooming, everything that Kay could do to make the world Ginny Simms-conscious began. He brought her up from obscurity to fame as the No. 1 band's soloist, featuring her equally with himself, sharing co-star billing and personally supervising special arrangements for Ginny. Kay's new girl vocalists are given the same billing as any band vocalist. But you miss the trimmings that built up a Ginny Simms.

Kay's rumored dating Pat Dane, whom he has only barely met, and many of the town's glamor girls. But on the whole they are phony publicity dates—dreamed up by columnists.

Kay might be considered a very lonely man were he not so busy. He is the despair of his colored housekeeper, a Miss Lucille Wicks, who exclaims, "That man with all his rustle and bustle will be the death o' himself yet."

The living room in Kay's modest little apartment on the Sunset Strip could not be mistaken for other than a bachelor's. It's not his etchings that greet the eye but the bedlam of papers and manuscripts and mail everywhere. The general confusion is not at all confusing once you get "hep." For Kay explains that the sheet music is kept on the sofa—because that's the music department. The easy chair is the manuscript department. The table is the script department. The top of the piano is the letter department. The bench by the window is the press department. Table records are stored on the divan. And Lucille is warned not to touch a thing because Kay can put his finger on any manuscript or album of music in the dark, according to his system of systematic orderly disorder.

Since Kay introduced *Jingle Jangle Jingle,* one of the first hit songs of the fighting men, I asked him how he happened to also introduce the greatest war song of them all—*Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition,* which is an all-time favorite with the boys at camp.

"Frank Lesser wrote *Jingle Jangle Jingle,*" Kay said. "One night in Detroit Frank called me long distance. Said he had another song he wanted me to hear—*Praise the Lord.* He sang it on the wire. I wrote down the words and hummed the melody back to him. Got my arranger out of bed and we worked out an arrangement, then sang and played it back to Frank in Hollywood. Next night we put it on the air."

He Wears a Pair of Silver Wings and *Who Wouldn't Love You* are also favorites the boys call for when Kay and his band appear. Incidentally, Kay's records topped sales all over others for 1942.

Kay called back to Lucille Ball and asked if she thought she had the script memorized. Lucille nodded and rehearsal was in order—in the narrow aisle of the bus, as we bumped along.

"Now I'll start the show like this," Kay said. "Ish'll come out and greet the men





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and say, 'I might look dumb. But what I lack in ignorance I make up for in stupidity!'" And the rehearsal was on.

Several hours later we neared the flying field. We could see the helmeted guards with their big guns. Kay said, "Wait'll you see the welcome we'll get here. We've got Tommy Jones, who used to play the trumpet, and Eddie Shea, who used to beat the drums, both members of our band, now stationed here. Harry Babbitt wondered how Tommy and Eddie would look in uniforms? How Army life had treated them?

We were passed in. The door opened with Tommy and Eddie jumping in. An exchange of hellos and "How are you boys" —back-slapping and "How'd you take the trip?" "Gardner Field has been talking of nothing else for three weeks, since the notice was pasted on the bulletin board."

"We haven't a fiddle and we busted the drum on the way up. What have you to offer us by way of instruments?" Kay quipped.

"Just so long as you forgot your clarinet," Tommy laughed. A standing joke with Kay's band is his individual clarinet playing. Seems Kay felt he should play an instrument. Without letting anyone know, he purchased and took lessons on the clarinet. When he débuted, playing in the key of C, the boys squelched Kay—but good. He's never tried to impress them since.

Lucille inquired as to the whereabouts of the nearest ladies' powder room, which proved to be some miles distant — in an officers' club house. A captain quickly painted "Ladies" on a white card, fastened it onto the "men's room," and stood guard while Lucille changed her dress.

"Guess you folks are hungry," a young officer remarked.

"Sure enough we are. We can hardly wait to get a look at a real piece of cow and a pat of butter," Ishkabibble said. "Boy you gotta get in the Army if you want to eat real chow."

What a feast! What food! Baked ham, candied yams, fresh sliced pineapple, lettuce salad with french dressing, sliced tomatoes, mayonnaise, fruit jello with whipped cream, apple-sauce, olives, celery, three kinds of bread, plenty of butter, coffee, cream, milk, ice cream and fresh baked macaroons, apple butter, jelly, jams and condiments.

Capt. Roberts said the flying cadets were up early and trained hard. They could well put away such a meal. Lucille Ball, who actually tries to *gain* weight, really put away a man-sized meal.

Coming from Miami, Florida, Capt. Roberts had only to mention that he had been stationed at the same air base with Gable and a battery of questions beset him.

"Gable was a model soldier. Never complained. An ace shot to begin with," he said. "There were plenty of younger men than him, who weren't as tough when it came to training. Gable was chosen by the class to give the graduation speech. His delivery was tops. There were about 5000 women who invaded the field to get a glimpse of Clark doing his stuff. Well, on graduation day, after he'd given that speech, those women broke through M.P. lines, trampled and mobbed generals and took over the field to get to Gable. The M.P.'s were so overcome that they just stood and gawked at Gable too! If those movie-struck women had been the enemy, Gable wouldn't have had a chance—nor the rest of the men!"

A huge plane hangar was filled with cheering men when Kay and the band reached the stand. Such cheers and such a greeting! And what a show!

Kay called up his two ex-band members and said, "Quit raidin' the band. So we can keep playin' the camps." When the cheers subsided, Kay said, "It is indeed a privilege for us to come and play for you. We are cheering *you* — not you us." And there was real sincerity in those few words, simple as they were.

"Beat them down for these hep-cats," Kay said, and the band went to town.

Then Kay began: "I've got a special joke. But no! You wouldn't want to hear it. So . . . I'll tell it. If I say anything you girls haven't heard before, I'll give you fifty dollars!"

"Hey Lady——!" Kay called to a visiting officer's wife, "do you know why a Jap is like a girdle? Because he slips up from behind. And it takes a Yank to bring him down!"

This brought down the house. Kay says while the men don't like dirty jokes—and he doesn't tell 'em — they do like them provocative.

Spotting an M.P., Kay shouted, "Look, an M.P. smiling." After the laughter had subsided, he added, "You must be new here." The M.P. didn't mind at all and got the biggest kick because the joke was on him.

"I've brought a lovely girl up here with me today," Kay continued. "I'm going to ask her to sing for you fellows. She's never sung before. And she's not rehearsed with us. She'll be so surprised when I ask her. Of course she's not hearing all I'm saying on the loud speaker and we haven't already got the arrangements in mind."

Georgia stepped on the stand. Her gorgeousness panicked the men. And Kay said, "Everything's in good shape—now!"

Georgia sang *Dearly Beloved* and *Embraceable You*. When she came to *Embrace me my sweet*—you could hear deep sighs and groans and moans over the hangar—especially when she sang *Come to Mama—Come to Mama do!*

Lucille Ball, her red hair beautifully combed, sparkling and as glamorous as picture queens should be, came out. She received an ovation. Then with Kay and Ishkabibble, they began the act they had rehearsed in the bus.

Kay introduced Lucille formally to Ish and said, "For goodness' sake, Ish! You've been introduced to the glamorous Lucille Ball. SAY something!"

Ish: (flustered) "SKINNY, isn't she!"

Kay: "Ish! Go back and sit down!"

Lucille: "No, no! I think he's nice." [Warming up to Ish and running her hand through his hair] "Such beautiful bangs. Oh—you beautiful Ishkabibble."

Ish: [Very embarrassed and blushing] "Brother! If I were only a wolf!"

Ish left the stand. Kay carried on, making love to Lucille with every man in the place wishing he was in Kay's shoes!

Said Kay: "Lucille, I know I'm not the handsomest man in the world. And I may not be the most romantic, but you can't have *everything!*"

"I know," said Lucille, "but YOU could have *something!*"

Kay: [Sharply] "Just a minute, Miss Ball! You can't talk that way to me. I'm Kay Kyser. I've got *backbone!*"

Lucille: "I wondered WHAT held you together."

So the skit went merrily on. For two solid hours Kay and the band gave a show. At the conclusion Kay came off the stand wringing wet. He stepped behind an improvised curtain. Took off his wet clothes, used a sprinkling can of water for a shower, and stepped forth fresh and immaculate to shake hands all around.

Lucille and Georgia discovered the field mascot—a plump blue-eyed pup named Geronimo. While the girls talked baby talk to the cute puppy, the pup's two owners stood joyously by. They were even photographed with the stars. "All because they own a stray pup," less lucky men remarked. "A sergeant's stripes don't mean a thing!"

It was about dusk as we walked out of the building. Kay and the girls had posed for candid camera shots by the hundreds. "Well, now you can relax — the show's over," I said to Kay.

"That's what *you* think," he laughed. "Now we're going out and meet everyone and do another show."

"Another show?" I gasped.

"Didn't you know that any time anyone in entertainment business sticks his nose out of his own house—he's on—on for a show. You have to make people laugh—always be on your toes in show business!"

It was dark when everyone climbed back into the bus. The officers and men couldn't thank Kay enough. "This gives the men something to think about and talk about and write home about for weeks," the officer in charge said. "It's been a real privilege having you with us."

"That's where you're wrong," Kay said. "The privilege is ours, Sir. For having the honor of entertaining the men who are giving their all and are prepared to give their lives for us here on the home front."

Endless hours later the bus rolled back into Los Angeles. Kay had a split ten minutes to make the nine o'clock train to San Francisco—on his way on another mission of good will and morale for our fighting forces.

When he completes "Right About Face," he's asking to be sent over there, and down there, and up there, to entertain our men in the combat zones.



John Carroll, star of Republic's big musical comedy, "Hit Parade of 1943," is pictured here doing one of his numbers with some of the lovelies of the film's glamor girl chorus.

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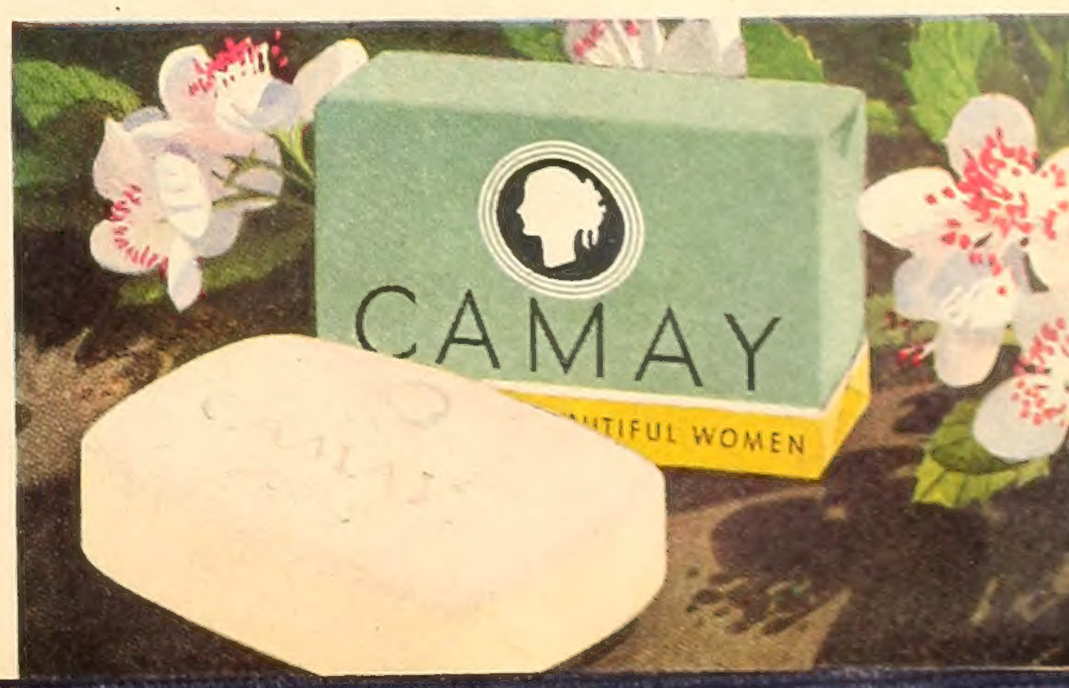
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